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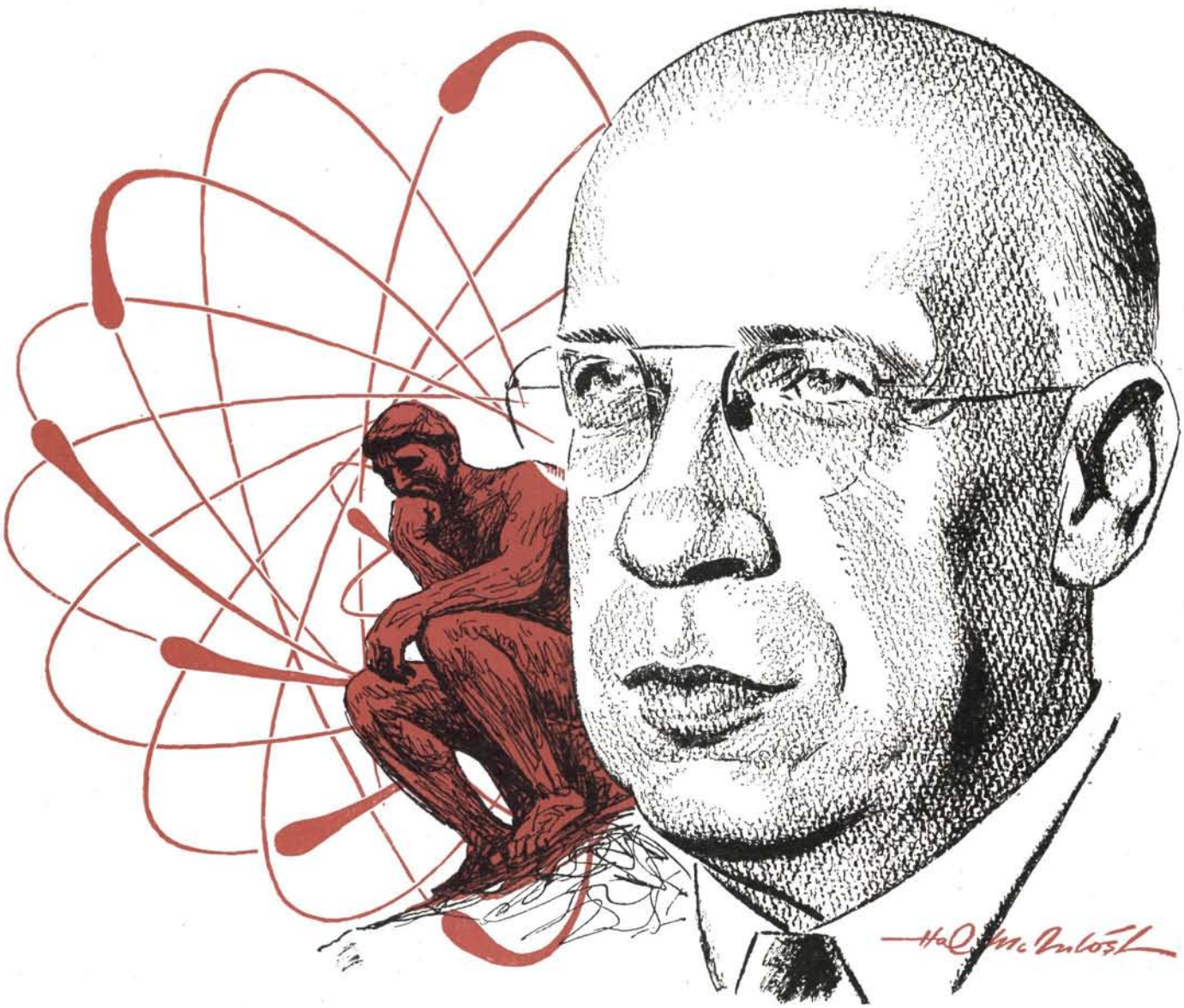

Philipp Frank, author of "Modern Science and Its Philosophy." (See page 9)

What About Dr. Jung?

1. A Misunderstood Man

By PHILIP WYLIE

2. A Reply to Philip Wylie

By FREDRIC WERTHAM, M. D.

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July 30, 1949

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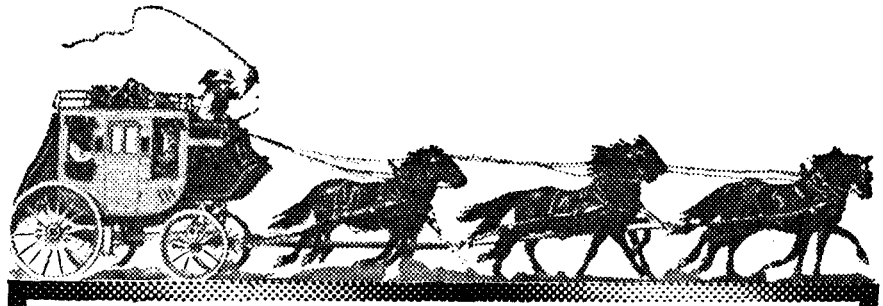

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TRADE Winds

VISITORS TO NEW YORK will be surprised to discover that Sixty-first Street, which has looked like an open mine of the Anaconda Copper Company for the past three years, actually has been restored to normalcy, and such long-suffering literary lights as Russel Crouse, Mark Hanna, and Geoffrey Hellman once more can enter their front doors without climbing over trenches or having panes of loose glass shatter on their heads. Elsa Maxwell and George Jean Nathan again can park their Rolls-Royces directly in front of the Colony (for my money, the best restaurant in town), and further down the block, the entrance to the Canari d'Or, which caters to patrons with the same palate for fine food but slightly less spread in their pocketbooks, is no longer hidden by scaffolding and workmen's tools.

True, a lot of other streets in the midtown sector are ripped up (the whole town, it seems, disgusted with the theatrics of John L. Lewis, is converting from coal heating to oil, gas, or steam), but the completion of the major Sixty-first Street project will enable Mayor Bill O'Dwyer to embark on a new election campaign with an easy conscience. He has a lot of personal friends on that block and what they've been saying to him about the goings-on there has rested heavily on his heart. Three other suggestions to His Honor, now that he's decided to run again: 1. Give us back Sixth Avenue (that Avenue of the Americas tag is a piece of imbecility foisted on the city by a slick high-pressure publicity man). 2. Put a stop to the privileged fat-cats who line up their cars not only double, but triple, on Park Avenue and other important thoroughfares. 3. Put the fear of God into the taxi bandits who tie up traffic continuously around the Waldorf by their jockeying for position and blatant disregard of traffic rules.

The entire question of traffic regulations in New York, of course, becomes more perplexing every day. Bill O'Dwyer says the best suggestion he's heard yet is to have every car, taxi, and truck in town line up in the streets bumper to bumper, pour tons of dirt over the whole bloody mess, lay new pavements above, and begin all over again. . . .

WHEN ROBERT SHERWOOD received the Gutenberg Award for his "Roosevelt and Hopkins," incidentally, it was Mayor Bill O'Dwyer who made the presentation speech. In his response, Sherwood inadvertently referred to the Mayor as "my good friend Bill O'Brien." In fact, he repeated the mistake, while the audience gasped. O'Dwyer saved the day by responding, "They told me this would happen when I appointed Bill O'Brien police commissioner." Not content with this, he phoned Sherwood the following morning. "You seemed upset about that insignificant boner you pulled last night," said the Mayor. "Don't let it bother you for a minute. I make much worse mistakes every time I speak spontaneously." "The only thing that possibly could please me more," said Sherwood, repeating the conversation to me, "would be a three-year run for 'Miss Liberty'." . . .

PEOPLE WHO THINK THAT the streets of New York cannot provide thrills and excitement comparable to the wildest exploits of Buffalo Bill, or shooting the Niagara rapids in a barrel, are urged to repair to the courtyard of Random House on Madison Avenue any weekday afternoon about six, and watch an intrepid band of daredevils set out for the North in Allan Ullman's super-charged Buick convertible. Ullman, publicist for Random House, columnist for *True* magazine, known in his days at *The Times* as "Markel's Madman," spurns the thought of driving out of the courtyard while traffic is halted by a red light. Carefully timing his exit for a moment when two crowded buses are about to rumble by the entrance, he cleverly dodges between them, usually bagging an elderly pedestrian or two en route. Then he is off up Madison, horn tooting, wheels screeching, brakes failing, and passengers fainting. By Eightieth Street, all of them have fallen out, and Ullman and his beautiful bride, Betty, are ready for their nightly little jaunt to Omaha or Pocatello. When the road turns the same way Ullman does, it is pure coincidence. Survivors at the Columbia Broadcasting Company, just north of where he breaks the barrier, their ranks decimated by his magnificent marksmanship, are pleading with Traffic Policeman Wilfred O'Leary, at the corner of Fifty-first and Madison, to act before the last of them fall. "I'm helpless," moans O'Leary. "Ullman is above the law. If I give him one more ticket, he'll look like the box-office at Madison Square Garden. Me, I'm asking for a transfer to Cicero, Illinois. It's safer there." . . .

COLUMBUS CIRCLE HARBORS speakers on every subject known to man, plus a few that are unknown, and it was only a question of time till a publisher appeared there to give his pitch for a new work destined for immortality. The other evening he arrived. Declaring himself a representative of Pastoral-Universe, of 505 Fifth Avenue, he announced the imminent publication of "The Passionate Tennis Player," by Charles Tekeyan, and offered free copies to the first hundred signers of this odd resolution: "I passionately pledge that after I have read 'The Passionate Tennis Player' I will become inspired to seek out the

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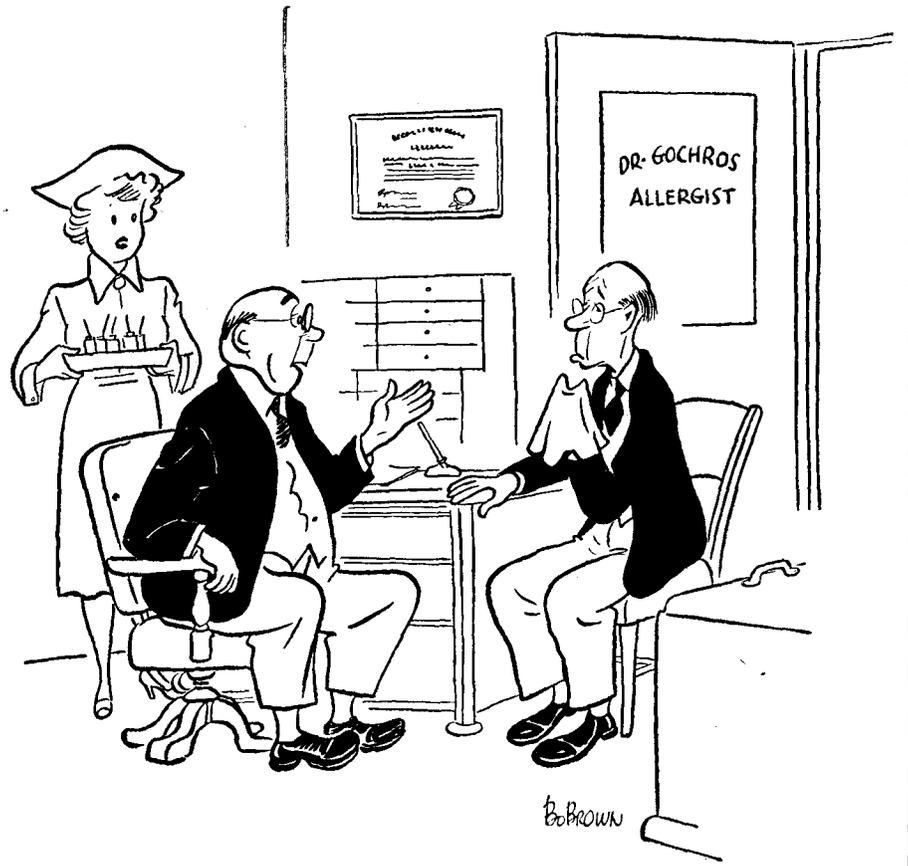

"You might as well face it, Mr. Quinn,—you are allergic to clothing."

pompous and unsympathetic, and smack them unexpectedly but ever so humiliatingly from behind with any tennis racquet momentarily available." A handful of dead-pan auditors solemnly signed the pledges and drifted over to the speaker on the left, who had a chart to prove that the Gulf Stream was getting fifty miles closer to New York every year, and that the trees in Brooklyn most certainly would be palms by 1980 at the latest. . . .

TWO BOOKS ABOUT THE THEATRE by insiders are scheduled for the fall. Ward Morehouse, of the *Sun*, has done one for Whittlesey House, and Jack Garver, of United Press, another for Dodd, Mead. . . . William Morrow is banking heavily on a pair of October releases: "Queen New Orleans," by Harnett Kane, and "Venus, the Lonely Goddess," by John Erskine. . . . General Clay's "Decision in Germany" is ticketed for Doubleday, and Lippincott and Houghton Mifflin are the names most frequently mentioned at this writing for General Bedell Smith's Russian exposé. . . . Mark Van Doren is compiling a 600-page selection of the poetry of Wordsworth for the Modern Library. . . . The fifth in Crown's increasingly popular Folklore Series will be "A Treasury of Southern Folklore," edited by B. A. Botkin. . . . Rinehart will have a new Norman Mailer novel for 1950 publication. . . . Sloane's fall headliners are Merle Miller's "The Sure Thing" and A. B. Guthrie, Jr.'s "The Way West." . . . John O'Hara's fine novel, "A Rage to Live," appears on the fifteenth anniversary of the publication of "Appointment in Samarra." . . . Forthcoming Viking Portables: "A Medieval Reader" and a "Portable Chaucer."

Books with religious themes dominate the best-seller lists today, and Dial expects to add another with Pierre Van Paassen's "Why Jesus Died." . . . Messner's best bet for fall is "The Hero," by Millard Lampell, the story of what happened to an over-publicized gridiron gladiator. The picture rights fetched a small mint. . . .

WHEN THE NEW HARVEY FIRESTONE Library was dedicated in the Princeton University Chapel recently, Whitney Darrow was present, of course, to make the ceremony official. A lucky thing, too, for it enabled him to give TRADE WINDS the story of the cranky old lady who buttonholed an usher and commanded, "Be sure you get me a seat up front, young man. I understand they've always had trouble with the agnostics in this chapel!"

—BENNETT CERF.

BY RICHARD SUMMERS

Vigilante

SHE WAS A YOUNG, TOUGH CITY...

If Cain and Hemingway had collaborated on a novel of San Francisco in her shocking adolescence, this would be it. In 1856 the Gold Rush City was being ripped apart by politics and crime. There was an ex-Tammany ward-heeler starting a new career and aiming at the Senate of the U.S.A. There was a woman he used to his ends. There was a Sacramento mine-owner down in the big city for a spree . . . not thinking that at his hotel there waited a call to rejoin the Vigilantes.

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What About Dr. Jung?

—Wide World Photo.

Is there a case against Carl Gustav Jung?

1. A Misunderstood Man

PHILIP WYLIE

WHEN Ezra Pound was awarded the U. S. Library of Congress-Bollingen Prize, the Associated Press phoned me—among several authors—and asked for my reaction. The news astonished and annoyed me. "Obviously," I said, "some poetry critics are as irresponsible morally and as incompetent intellectually as some poets." This dictum the AP caused to be published widely. And I report it here to show that at the outset I, too, deplored the Pound award. It was bestowed by a handful of inscrutable verse-buffs and poets, however, and not by persons interested in Carl Jung's psychology.

Jung, Jung's friends, persons cognizant of Jung's theory, had nothing to do with the choice, as Robert Hillyer admits in his *SRL* article "Treason's Strange Fruit" [June 11]. It happens, merely, that Paul Mellon, who is a student of psychology, is also fond of poetry and put up money for some prizes, naming them after the Zurich estate of his friend Jung. A jury gave one of these prizes to Ezra Pound. Owing to this, the pages of the *SRL* have been employed to castigate not merely Pound—who deserves it—but Jung—who doesn't, and who is connected with the issue by the accident of a proper noun.

Mr. Hillyer not only revives charges that Carl Jung is pro-Nazi but also makes the statement that "Jung's sympathies" include such "Nazi flourishes" as "racism in general, the superman, anti-Semitism, and a weird metaphysics embracing occultism, alchemy, and the worship of Wotan." These are just such far-clutched muds as first were hurled at Freud; yet the *SRL* seriously presents them.

For "proof" of his assertions, Mr. Hillyer refers not to Jung's work as a whole (which he obviously does not know) but to a *review* of a book for which Jung wrote the foreword and to his own brief observation. "I had personal contact with Dr. Jung's Nazism," Mr. Hillyer asserts. It turns out that Jung sat beside Mr. Hillyer at a luncheon during the Harvard Tercentenary in 1936, when, he says, Jung "deftly introduced the subject of Hitler, developed it with alert warmth and concluded that the new order in Germany . . . seemed to offer the one hope of Europe."

In 1936 everybody was talking about Hitler, whose name required no deft introduction then. It is possible that Jung was pulling Mr. Hillyer's leg—an act for which he is renowned. But it is more likely that Mr. Hillyer failed to note the exact content and purport of Jung's words. What are the *facts*?

In 1936 Jung was (and he has been ever since) a vehement antagonist of Russian collectivism. Jung is a German Swiss with a Germanic education. Not unnaturally, he hoped that the German people would find a way to orient themselves against Red aggression and to fend it off. Millions of Americans held the same hope without such human reasons of birth and education, even after more years of the Hitlerian horrors, as their speeches in behalf of the America First Committee make plain.

I do not know what Jung said to Mr. Hillyer at lunch in 1936. But, in the next year, Jung delivered a series of lectures at Yale—the so-called Terry Lectures. During the period of his lectures he was my house guest, with Mrs. Jung, in Madison, Connecticut. And, in those long days and nights of talk, Jung made plain his judgment of the Nazi hierarchy not just to me but to several impeccable witnesses who are still available. Jung said flatly that the top Nazis were insane. He had taken the trouble to study each one, as a psychologist, and in person. His diagnosis of the pathology of Hitler, Goebbels, Goering, *et al.*, occupied several unforgettable hours and was concluded with the assertion that he would never again visit Germany until its maniac leaders had met their inevitable doom.

To say Jung is or was "Fascist" or "pro-Nazi" is to disregard all but a few phrases, taken out of context from his massive writings. Had Jung been a Fascist, such is his candor, his intrepidity, and his habit of extensive expression, that he would have produced hundreds of thousands of words in support of the position. That much should be plain even to persons who will not take the trouble to follow the psychological arguments he has put forward.

To offer as "proof" of Jung's alleged Fascism a quote from a *review* of a book written by someone else is to offer such "evidence" as the dullest magistrate would throw out of court. I am astounded that the *SRL* did not question this gambit. Moreover, the review which Mr. Hillyer enters as evidence of Jung's alleged Fascism,

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makes approximately the following statement: modern man is blindly in the grip of his instincts and so is forcing himself to smash his brutal civilization as the only blind means toward the establishment of a better world beyond holocaust; instinct works that way.

If this dreadful analysis is "Fascist" or "Nazi," then Aldous Huxley's vivid "Ape and Essence" is Nazi propaganda and George Orwell's hideously perceptive "Nineteen Eighty-four" is neither a useful warning nor a valuable insight but a handbook of collectivist propaganda. Indeed, the only possible inference that can be drawn from parts of Mr. Hillyer's argument is that *any* informed pessimism concerning our era, or *any* effort to enlighten the public concerning the instinctual furies behind our common peril, is Nazi-Fascist in nature.

If this be the case, all a good American can do is to boost without knocking, laud without criticizing, and adhere strictly to whatever Mr. Hillyer thinks is true and right. Everything else is ismistical and taboo.

Charges that Jung's hypotheses embrace "weird mysticism," "occultism," "the superman," "anti-Semitism," and the "worship of Wotan" are slightly stupefying to persons who understand what Jung is driving at.

This, in its simplest form, is the idea that man's myths and legends are verbal formulations of the same patterned drives which, in animals, biologists call instinct. Inasmuch as religions are derived from myths and legends, and inasmuch as man's societies stem from his religions (as Toynbee has spent half a lifetime to prove), it follows that an understanding of the nature and the laws of instinct should be useful to any man who would understand himself or any human society.

Jung has merely endeavored to amplify such understanding. First a pupil of Sigmund Freud, later Freud's colleague and co-lecturer, Jung finally took exception not to Freud's theories but to Freud's refusal to extend them into other categories and in new directions. Working alone—working sadly and reluctantly, without the approbation of Freud, whom he had so much admired—Jung embarked upon his monumental survey of instinct, not only as he observed it in Europeans, and in his own Germanic legends, but as he perceived it during his life among primitive peoples and his extensive studies in the Orient.

Orthodox "Freudians" and a few other individuals have excised a dozen or two passages from Jung (which were intended to show the mechanics

(*Continued on page 36*)

2. A Reply to Philip Wylie

FREDRIC WERTHAM, M. D.

THE world is full of coincidences. When the Swiss psychoanalyst Dr. Carl Jung in 1933 took over the presidency of the Nazified Society for Psychotherapy and the editorship of the equally Nazified *Journal of Psychotherapy*, he wrote in his introductory note: "This change has coincided with the great political revolution in Germany." In a letter to the *SRL* on July 9, 1949, an apologist for Jung states: "It so *happened* that the head of the German branch [of the Society for Psychotherapy] was a doctor by the name of Goering, a cousin of the infamous Hermann." A non-medical apologist wrote a long defense of Jung in a medical journal; by *coincidence*, it *so happened* that he received a financial grant from the Bollingen Foundation. And now Philip Wylie writes in the *SRL*: "It *happens*, *merely*, that Paul Mellon, who is also a student of psychology, is also fond of poetry and put up money for some prizes, naming them after the Zurich estate of his friend Jung. A jury gave one of these prizes to Ezra Pound." And he adds that Jung "is connected with the issue *by the accident of* a proper noun" [Bollingen, the country home of Dr. Jung].

About this prize some people have raised eyebrows, others questions.

To me, the episode of the Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound brought back a memory of something that happened

to me when I was an eager medical student. I was allowed to assist as the fifth wheel on the wagon at a surgical operation. My hands were sterilized, but I wore no surgical gloves. At one point the surgeon hit upon a pocket of pus which spurted on my hands. He bawled me out for letting such dangerously infectious material get on my fingers. The operation continued—and twice more the same thing happened. I had never seen so many seemingly separate little pockets of pus as that patient had. My hands did not get infected; but I learned my lesson. The lesson is not only to be careful about what you get your hands into, but that where there is one pocket of pus there may be unsuspected others.

I AM talking about the Fascism of Carl Gustav Jung. Nobody who knew the facts was surprised when in 1933, after Hitler came to power, Jung took over the two important positions in psychotherapy. Successively, two men had been forced out of them by the Nazis: first Arthur Kronfeld, one of the most learned theoreticians in the whole field of psychotherapy in Europe, and then Ernst Kretschmer, a pioneer psychiatrist. Both men were far better qualified than Jung for these organizational positions. But the Nazis had the difficult job of finding a psychotherapist or psychoanalyst with a big name. Everybody knew that only Jung would lend himself to such a step. For this act was a major political event in the cultural conquest of Central Europe by the Nazis. German psychotherapy had found its fuehrer and, as Jung expressed it later, "Germany too has found its leader." The effect on both was the same: perversion, degeneration, and destruction.

There were in 1933 many young men—students, doctors, and intellectuals—who were stunned by the Nazi conquest of power, which Jung so ingeniously called "the great political revolution in Germany." Jung's official step (and his writing at the time) was a signal for the undecided and the half-decided. If the great Jung from Zurich, the master of the collective unconscious, the archetype of a psychology based on "the racial unconscious idea," hoisted the swastika banner in a scientific field that has the prestige and duty to alleviate human suffering, why should the ordinary

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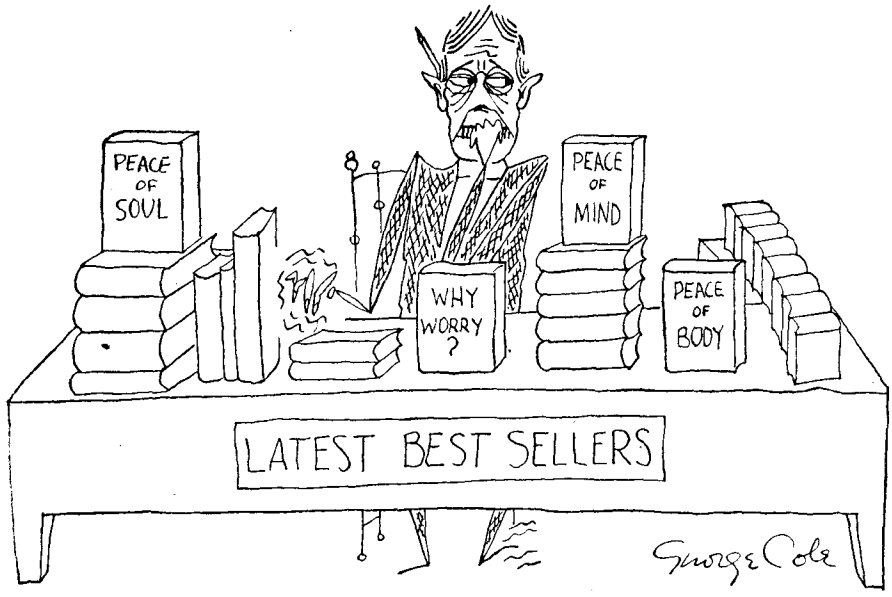

intellectual have doubts? So those with leanings toward Nazism were converted, the wavering made up their minds, the resistants were discouraged. Even now an apologist for Jung tells American readers (in a letter to the *SRL* July 9) that in "the first few years" of Nazi power "a dead Germany came alive under Nazism." In other words, to a Jungian a democratic Germany was "dead," but a Fascist Germany was "alive."

THERE are unimpeachable witnesses not only to Jung's deeds in 1933 but also to their significance. One of them is Franz Schoenberner, one of the last of the Europeans, a man who is particularly perceptive and was in a most strategic situation to observe the inside story of Hitler's victory in the cultural field. In his recent book "The Inside Story of an Outsider" he counts Jung among those who "got Nazi religion" and says of him that "he became an ardent Nazi collaborationist." Wilhelm Röpke, a former professor of sociology at Marburg University, in his recent book, "The Solution of the German Problem," says of Jung that he "helped the Nazis by lending them his prestige and at the same time by betraying the resistant Germans." He sums up his indictment of Jung in these words: "The story of Professor Jung [1933-45] is certainly exceptional in its disgusting details."

Jung himself and his defenders have attempted to justify his historical step in 1933 by saying that what he really had in mind was to protect science, and what he wanted to help was not Nazism but psychotherapy; that he took over so that "the ideas of psychotherapy might exert some slight restraining influence amid the rising madness."

What are the facts about this? Jung's name continued to appear on the masthead of the *Journal of Psychotherapy* for years. During this period psychoanalysis in Germany (except for Jungian psychology) was practically eradicated. Even in books that dealt with the subject of psychosexual disorders, the names of all those who made significant contributions to psychoanalysis are omitted—and only Jung remains. The author of one of these books wrote recently that he had to leave out the names of fifty colleagues who are known as "authors of the pertinent literature." Jung, of course, had to be kept in both the index and the bibliography.

Other would-be defenders of Jung have stated, when the facts about Jung's real role began to trickle out, that his books were on the blacklist of the Nazis. Were they? I have before me a printed bibliography—the most complete list of books forbidden by the Nazis. It is "For the Official Use of Nazi Authorities Only!" and is marked "STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL!" This long list is evidently compiled with meticulous care. It contains—to give some random examples—the famous Swiss clergyman and psychoanalyst Oskar Pfister, the psychiatrist and psychologist Dr. Rudolf Allers, the well-known Swiss physician Dr. Fritz Brupbacher, the famous anthropologist Malinowski, the great Swiss psychiatrist August Forel, Thomas Mann, Paul Claudel, Sinclair Lewis, and Ernest Hemingway. None of Dr. Jung's writings is on the list.

This is not surprising, since Jung constituted one of the most important influences on Fascist philosophy in Europe. His writings and speeches were of even greater service to the Nazi cause than those of the German philosopher Heidegger, who joined the Nazi party. For Jung was a man of great scientific accomplishments. As early as the beginning of this century he had written excellent papers in clinical psychiatry. Later he became acquainted with psychoanalysis. He came in close contact with Freud and under his influence and inspiration accomplished most important and original psychoanalytic studies. In a third phase of his career he leaned more and more toward mysticism, occultism, and obscurantism, which are contained in his writings along with interesting and valid psychological material. Ferenczi, one of Freud's closest collaborators and a great practical psychotherapist, commented that one of Jung's typical pronouncements was not scientific psychology at all, but purest theology.

Jung's latter-day philosophy, with all its esoteric arch-tripe, fitted wonderfully with the Nazi endeavor to befuddle people's minds, make them mistrust the evidence of their own senses, and obey an elite with pure blood and impure motives.

ONE should not bandy around the word "Fascism" lightly. To understand what Jung really pro-Pounds you should read Alfred Rosenberg's "Myth of the 20th Century," second in importance only to "Mein Kampf" as an official Nazi book. Whether they talk about myths or types, about Jews or Negroes, about Wotan or the United States, the similarity between the two is striking and deadly. That was the siren song that Jung and the Nazis had in common: go into your soul and listen to your instincts. It is obvious that you don't have to think and study for that. It is easy, pleasant, and attractive. You don't have any personal responsibility. Stay in the realm of the nebulous and obey your betters. That, of course, is also a good psychological basis for mass violence.

In the crucial years before 1933 an inflammatory mystical kind of nationalism, simple in meaning but hard to pin down in its double-talk, was the core of Jung's lectures held in German universities, for example, Bonn and Munich. Their effect on the impressionable depression youth of Germany was multiplied by the fact that Jung came from outside the German Reich—a wanderer like Wotan.

Would-be defenders of Jung make it easy for themselves. One of them claims that it was all a mistake to call Jung a Fascist because somebody translated "*one*" of his words wrongly. (Even that is not true.) Or they say that Jung has been quoted out of context. Let us put everything in its proper context, not only the literary context but the historical context. While Jung's former colleagues were

(*Continued on page* 35)

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Ideas and Studies.

In his highly important new book, "Modern Science and Its Philosophy" (reviewed below), Harvard physicist Philipp Frank elaborates the thesis of the logical empiricist that science can ultimately find definite and complete answers to all problems, including those involving human relations. Acting on this same premise, Alexander H. Leighton undertakes in 'Human Relations in a Changing World" (another book of the week) to explore the ways in which the social sciences can help the nations of the world to live together in tolerance if not in complete accord. Of the factors affecting the relations between men and nations, one of the most fundamental in our day has been the expansion and exercise of power, a problem fruitfully treated in Bertrand de Jouvenel's "On Power" *(see page 11).*

The Men Who Will Know the Answers

MODERN SCIENCE AND ITS PHILOSOPHY. By Philipp Frank. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 324 pp. $4.50.

By Louis N. Ridenour

PROFESSOR FRANK devotes this book, as he has devoted his life, to elaborating the reasons for believing that there are no significant "questions that are so profound that they cannot be solved by the exact sciences." The logical empiricism which Frank espouses is the modern development of the views of Ernst Mach, which themselves were rooted in the positivism of Auguste Comte. Logical empiricism owes much to the "operational" viewpoint of P. W. Bridgman. And, as presented here, it claims nothing less than this: We can erect a coherent system dealing with all aspects of human knowledge and behavior, by the refinement, extension, and continued application of the methods which have been so successful in the exact sciences.

This assertion is to be contrasted with that of metaphysics, which claims that there exists a class of problems with which science is permanently unable to deal. The metaphysical philosopher then takes such problems as his area of concern and attempts to devise a coherent philosophical system to deal with them. In doing so, of course, he is competing with other philosophers, with the revealed doctrines of dozens of religions, and (in our day) even with the official state philosophies of some nations. Each contender is convinced that his own system is superior, and the difficulty in resolving the resulting disagreement arises exactly because of the admission made at the outset. Since human experience is not a useful guide to answering the questions concerned, it is therefore incompetent to decide among the various answers which are proposed.

To be sure, the status of human knowledge today is such that the logical empiricists must confess that they *do not yet know* the answers to many questions, including, for example, all of the most significant questions involving human relations. But this is a very different situation from that in which the philosopher confesses that he *will never know* such answers by investigation, and therefore must obtain them by divine revelation, belief in authoritarian assertion, or unverifiable speculation about "first principles."

Since man must make decisions, he is forever seeking a basis for them in an integrated point of view from which he can derive a belief that each of his decisions is consistent with each of the others and all are consistent with his philosophy. The history of human thought seems to indicate that various metaphysical patterns of belief have been erected since the most ancient times, mainly to gratify this deep human desire for consistency and meaning.

As natural science has begun—and it has only just begun—to offer rational, satisfying, and verifiable answers to questions lying in the fields of the exact sciences, it has confounded metaphysics, religion, and politics in those fields and driven them out. The logical empiricists believe that there is no end to this process—that no meaningful question can be asked which cannot be answered in rational and verifiable terms.

Events since the time of Galileo have lent color to the belief that the view of the logical empiricists is sound. Comte himself believed that physics and chemistry dealt with matters so diverse that they could never share the same set of concepts;

THE AUTHOR: While other young men in the year 1907 were tipping a more frivolous cup, on Thursday evenings Philipp Frank, the son of a Czech textile-mill owner, would join cronies in an old Vienna coffee shop to brood about dovetailing science and philosophy. That year, aged twenty-three and a Ph. D., he published "The Law of Causality." "I claimed," he says, "that there is no such thing as causality as a fact of nature and that the law of causality is only a convention in the use of certain words." Einstein liked the paper but thought its claims exaggerated; Lenin didn't like it at all. In 1912 Einstein recommended Dr. Frank—one of the few people then working on the theory of relativity—to succeed him at the University of Prague. He taught there until 1938, when a lecture engagement at some twenty American universities, coinciding with the Nazi invasion of Czechoslovakia, evolved into a permanent post at Harvard. Since he began his unique course in mathematical physics and the philosophy of science his classes have swelled from twelve students to 230 last spring. In the Twenties and Thirties Frank had worked with friends in Central Europe to build up a conception of science which, eschewing hyperspecialization and metaphysics, would integrate human knowledge. Recently he co-founded and became president of the Rockefeller-endowed Institute for the Unity of Science. It will begin operations next fall along the same line, collaborating with similar groups in Europe, Japan, and South America. Besides affiliation with related organizations, Dr. Frank is a director of the Conference of Science, Philosophy, and Religion in New York. Before it he has argued repeatedly that "relativism" is not responsible for any deterioration of human conduct," a thesis soon to be published under the title "Relativity—A Richer Truth." He is, in addition, author of "Between Physics and Philosophy," "Foundation of Physics," and "Einstein, His Life and Times." —R. G.

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today they shade into one another without discontinuity. Much has been made in the past of the essential difference between living and non-living matter; today we have already given a Nobel Prize to a man who obtained crystals of the tobacco mosaic virus. In his celebrated lecture "On the Limitations of Natural Science" (1872) Du Bois-Reymond declared: "Our cognition of nature is therefore enclosed by ... our inability to understand mental processes in terms of material conditions." He went on to make it clear that he regarded this as a permanent limitation; today such men as McCulloch are tackling precisely this problem, have already achieved some success, and are beginning to believe that the broad solution will be in their grasp before long.

Fundamentally, logical empiricism is the doctrine of the bold: the philosophy of those who are brave enough to believe that man himself can solve his problems without recourse to mystical doctrines resting on faith rather than on reason. Professor Frank has provided us with an extremely clear and compelling presentation not only of the reasons for considering logical empiricism superior to the various systems of metaphysics, but also of its fundamental importance in untangling the difficult social problems of today. For, as he points out, all the totalitarian states of our own time—the Nazis, the Fascists, the Communists—have found it expedient to oppose this approach directly in their state policies. Lenin himself wrote a polemic against "Machism," contrasting it to dialectical materialism for reasons which Professor Frank believes to have been misunderstood by Lenin's followers.

"Modern Science and its Philosophy" is made up of sixteen essays written in the period 1907-47, together with an extensive historical introduction tracing the development of logical empiricism and Frank's connection with it. Though the essays often deal with subjects that are ordinarily discussed with some emotion, Professor Frank always keeps his voice down. To introduce a chapter on science in general education, for example, he remarks:

> There is a widespread belief that the rising contempt for tolerance and peace is somehow related to the rising influence of scientific thought and the declining influence of ethics, religion, and art as guides of human actions. This contention is, of course, debatable. There is hardly a doubt that the causes of war can be traced back quite frequently to religious or quasi-religious creeds and very rarely to the doctrines of science. The humanities, including religion and ethics, have been for centuries the basis of education and the result has been, conservatively speaking, no decline in the ferocity of man.

The principal difficulty for the reader of this book is that Frank has an unusually wide knowledge of both philosophy and natural science. Few persons will bring to the reading of the book the breadth of knowledge and understanding that went into the writing of it; certainly the present reviewer did not. But there are many delightful things in the book which can be appreciated by anyone. Try the twelfth essay: "Why do scientists and philosophers so often disagree about the merits of a new theory?" Or the comments on the neo-Thomism of the Great Books advocates.

The total content of Frank's 1941 book, "Between Physics and Philosophy" (now out of print), is incorporated into the present work, which altogether constitutes a vigorous and entertaining presentation of the view that man can, and should, stand on his own feet.

Louis N. Ridenour, dean of the graduate school of the University of Illinois, is the editor-in-chief of the Radiation Laboratory Series and the author of many articles on scientific and military subjects.

Major Watershed in Western History

THE RENAISSANCE IN HISTORICAL THOUGHT. By Wallace Ferguson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 429 pp. $5.

By Garrett Mattingly

THE average novel-reading, movie-going American has a perfectly clear notion of what he means by the Renaissance: rapiers and daggers, doublets and hose, Benvenuto Cellini climbing on and off balconies, and Lucrezia Borgia poisoning her lovers at supper. Passion, intrigue, violence. An age of spectacular adventures and uninhibited individualists, a magnificent, glittering, amoral age made to order for the daydreams of a drabber, better-regulated world. Behind this Hollywood image stand the historical novelists, and beyond them in turn writers like Walter Pater and Robert Browning, while in the background looms the benevolent figure of a mild mannered Swiss historian, Jacob Burkhardt.

For, ultimately, we all do get our notions of history from historians, even though, sometimes, by a roundabout route. Meanwhile the historians are a good deal less clear about the Renaissance than the public. They are quite aware that all through the sixteenth century most people went on living routine, humdrum, conventional lives, went on thinking and feeling as if they were still in the Middle Ages, just as today, in spite of the violent changes we have seen, most of us still have difficulty pulling our thinking much past 1850. Recently historians have been arguing a good deal among themselves about how they do, or should, select the significant details which make up their picture (and ours) of historical periods, and how to decide where one period ends and a new one begins. Since how one thinks about that major watershed in Western history largely determines how one thinks about the rest of it, the argument has raged most fiercely around the Renaissance.

Some scholars deny that there ever was any such thing, and few of those who think there was can agree about when it began or ended or just what its distinguishing characteristics were. But, until now, no one has gone over the whole past of the subject to show how the idea of the Renaissance as a distinct historical period arose, and how it has been shaped and used and modified since. That is what Wallace Ferguson has done in this book. He has traced the concept from its vague foreshadowing among Renaissance writers themselves to its clear definition in an Italian context by Burkhardt and so on down to the most recent wrangles in the learned reviews.

Every student of history is bound to be grateful for a book like this, a reliable guide to a complex subject and a comprehensive survey of a vast body of literature which only a specialist could be expected to master. But whatever its intentions, this is not just a contribution to professional scholarship. It is an illuminating case study of the formation of historical ideas, and therefore a concrete example of the intellectual history of modern man, of the growth and development of the Western mind. No one who wants to know how, actually, we form our notions of the past, or who wants a solid point of reference by which to check soaring, stratospheric philosophies of and about history can afford to miss it. Fortunately, its lucid, urbane, witty style is likely to win it the readers it deserves.

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Foreign Morale

HUMAN RELATIONS IN A CHANGING WORLD. By Alexander H. Leighton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 354 pp. $4.50.

By Francis E. Merrill

WORLD WAR II saw the official employment of social science for the first time on a large scale. In such diverse fields as the selection and training of military and civilian personnel, the maintenance of morale in the armed forces and on the home front, the treatment of psychoneurotics, the analysis of enemy propaganda and the orientation of our own, the extensive sale of war bonds, the recruitment and training of specialists for military government, and the study of the culture and possible collective behavior of the enemy countries, the social scientists played a not inconsiderable role in the successful prosecution of the war.

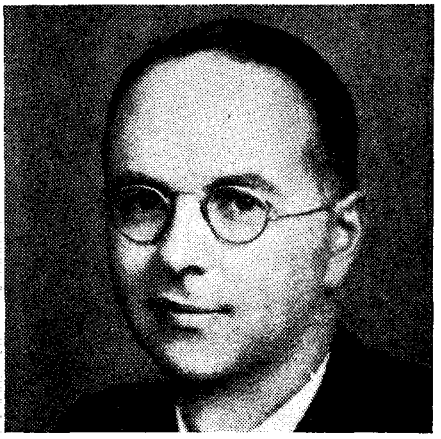
This book tells the story of one such project. The group of social scientists whose cooperative efforts are traced herein comprised the staff of the Foreign Morale Analysis Division of the Office of War Information. This division was charged with finding out "all the psychological and social factors pertinent to the Japanese capacity to put forth their best efforts in war." Grist for their mill came from such varied sources as "prisoner-of-war interrogation reports; captured diaries, letters, and official documents; reports from neutral observers in Japan; Japanese newspapers and periodicals, and radio broadcasts." The division operated as a service agency for the Departments of State, War, and Navy; the Office of Strategic Services, and other civilian and military agencies carrying on the war against Japan.

Dr. Alexander H. Leighton was chief of the Foreign Morale Analysis Division, to which he was assigned from active duty in the Navy Medical Corps. He received his M.D. degree at Johns Hopkins University, and his medical training was supplemented by work in anthropology and psychiatry. He thus brought to his analysis of the Japanese war potential an unusual combination of special talents and disciplines. Prior to his work with the division he was assigned to the Poston Relocation Center in Arizona, where he conducted a study of the persons of Japanese ancestry who had been evacuated from the Pacific Coast early in the war. This study culminated in an earlier book, entitled "The Governing of Men," in which he explored the same general theme as that characterizing the book under review—namely, the application of the insights and techniques of social science to the social problems of our day.

In December 1945 Dr. Leighton was sent to Hiroshima to study the reactions of the survivors of the first atomic explosion. In an introductory chapter, entitled "Hiroshima Aftermath," he tells the story of that blighted city in the words of the men and women who lived through the experience that began at 8:10 A.M. on August 6, 1945. Here the achievements in physical science of World War II bore their most spectacular fruit.

The bulk of the book is devoted to the ways in which social science can contribute to the task of enabling the nations of the world to live together in mutual tolerance, if not in complete consensus. Dr. Leighton raises the question as to how the knowledge of man and his institutions can advance the cause of social understanding. In the light of the knowledge and methodology of social science, he discusses some of the social problems that demand a working solution. The preventing of war; the reconciliation of international ideological differences; the mitigation and eventual elimination of racial, religious, and ethnic intolerance, and the strengthening of the family are some of the problems to which the social scientist can contribute knowledge, insight, and (above all) a scientific methodology. Dr. Leighton is well aware of the difficulties arising at every stage of the application of this knowledge, and some of his most significant statements deal with the relationships between the social scientist and the policy-maker. Nevertheless, he believes profoundly in social science as an effective instrument for human welfare. The present book is an important contribution to that end.

Francis E. Merrill is professor of sociology at Dartmouth College.



—*Harris & Ewing.*

Alexander H. Leighton—"social problems that demand a working solution."

Modern Minotaur

ON POWER. By Bertrand de Jouvenel. New York: The Viking Press. 421 pp. $5.

By A. Whitney Griswold

THREE hundred years ago Thomas Hobbes introduced his "Leviathan" with the metaphor of "an Artificial Animal ... that great Leviathan called a Common-Wealth, or State ... which is but an Artificial Man," and illustrated it with the engraving of a giant on his title page. Since then political scientists have well-nigh exhausted the prodigious repertoire in characterizing the nation-state. The latest in this tradition is Bertrand de Jouvenel, who opens his "natural history" of power with a metaphorical allusion to the Minotaur, the fabulous Cretan monster confined in a labyrinth and fed with human flesh. The theme of his book is epitomized in the comparison of this figure with Hobbes's giant. Three centuries of modern civilization, with all their struggles for freedom and justice, have served only to make the "Artificial Animal" more bestial and more powerful; the monster has subjected most of the human race; and there appears to be no Theseus on whom we can count for deliverance.

"On Power" is a shocking book, unsettling to all major premises of whatever political school, and dreadful in its implications for democracy. We are, it seems, "witnesses of a fundamental transformation of society, of a crowning expansion of Power," in which the loss of our individual rights carries with it the loss of our souls, our consciences, and even our identity as human beings. No matter what its origins—in egoism or idealism; in the medicine men, patriarchs, or warriors of antiquity; in the kings, nobles, or parliaments of recent times—the power of the state over the lives of its citizens is steadily and universally increasing. Louis XVI could barely raise an army of 180,000 men; Napoleon conscripted over a million; today the state's entire population is mobilized for total war or totalitarian peace. Revolutions against absolutism have merely resulted in greater absolutisms. Fear, the craving for security, moves us to forfeit more and more of our rights and liberties to the state, as the Cretans did their human sacrifices to the Minotaur. "Every people is today being swept along on the same current, though not at the same rate, towards the social protectorate"; and the final stage of the social protectorate, if it survives the wars to which its very nature condemns it, is

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like George Orwell's vision of 1984. The only rays of hope that penetrate the labyrinth of Mr. De Jouvenel's text point to a revival of the Anglo-American rule of law, the "mixed state" of Aristotle, which finds its most effective modern form in American federalism, and a religious awakening to give these unquestioned ethical sanction.

The author packs this message into twenty chapters replete with citations of historians, philosophers, and sociologists. It is an ambitious work, Aristotelian in conception if not in originality, lacking in coherence, repetitious to the point of tautology, yet arresting in its thesis and in the sincerity and forcefulness with which the author defends it. Written during the war, first in France, where it got the author into trouble with the Vichy authorities, then in exile in Switzerland, it was published in Geneva in 1945. Now the American edition is presented with a fanfare of praise from its English critics and a laudatory preface by D. W. Brogan, and a cry of amen from its English translator.

It is easy to agree with Mr. Brogan that the theme of the book "is, or should be, on the agenda of every modern society," and to find in it many brilliant *aperçus* that make it worth reading. Yet it has serious faults. It is too long. It badly needs an index. It carries the personalization of power to absurd extremes. More importantly, it offers deterministic conclusions for Anglo-American democracy based on premises and evidence almost exclusively French. In the whole of thirty-nine pages of notes, only one American source is cited, a TNEC monograph on pressure groups. These proportions are characteristic of a text that slights the British and American contributions to democracy in the main body of the analysis, yet finds them in the end the only brakes on an otherwise ineluctable trend. If they look so effective in prospect they must have been effective to date, and if they have been effective to date perhaps that trend is neither so universal nor so ineluctable as it seems to Mr. De Jouvenel. What he has written is an inspired account of the downfall of Franco-European totalitarian democracy, which has great significance as an object lesson to Englishmen and Americans but by no means spells the doom of the federal democracy for which they stand. On the contrary, his argument suggests that if there were a candidate for the role of Theseus in this fable his name might be Locke or Jefferson.

A. Whitney Griswold is professor of history at Yale University.

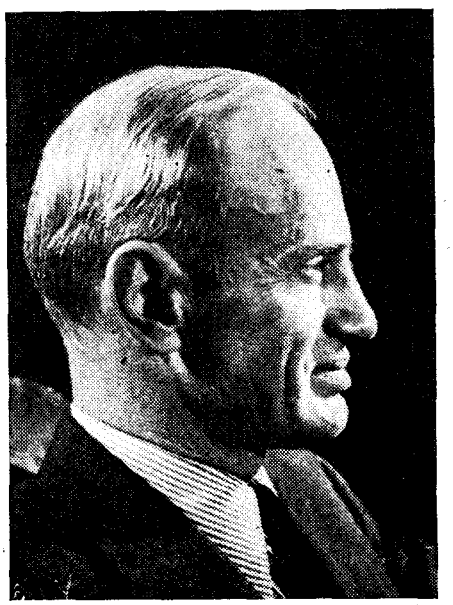
U.S.A. *In a way, the two books reviewed here may be considered American footnotes to the universal problem Bertrand de Jouvenel explores in his new book, "On Power" (see page 11). The power of the state over the lives of its citizens, M. De Jouvenel contends, is steadily increasing and there is real danger that it may be abused. In "American Freedom and Catholic Power," Paul Blanshard suggests that through its power over millions of communicants in this country, the Church of Rome threatens the freedom of Americans in medical, educational, and other social matters. Foster Rhea Dulles in "Labor in America" takes notice of the "will-to-power" that has motivated many labor leaders. The latter is, of course, only one theme in what is a fairly successful attempt at a comprehensive single-volume history of American labor —drawn largely from the fourteen volumes by John R. Commons, et al.*

Trade Union Apparatus

LABOR IN AMERICA: A History. By Foster Rhea Dulles. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 402 pp. $4.50.

By Wellington Roe

IN THE form in which they have been published best, the annals of trade unionism in America fill more than 5,000 pages of fine type. Obviously, to condense such a history into a single volume of reasonable length is a formidable task. Professor Dulles has come very close to bringing it off. That he has failed is not an indication that he is unfamiliar with our native labor movement. Rather, it seems to show that a comprehensive account of the development of American trade unions will not fit between the covers of any one book. Dulles has compiled a better book than many of its kind with which this reviewer is familiar, yet in that very comment the weakness of his work, and all others like it, is defined. It is essentially a compendium of events, dates, and names which have been assembled previously by several writers. One result of this has been to create a static quality in the work which is not relieved by the author's judicious selection of material or by his fine talent as a writer.



—*Frank J. Ross, Jr.*

Foster Rhea Dulles—"gaps."

In view of the meager results achieved by so eminent a scholar as Dulles, it seems the production of histories of American labor has come to a dead end. This is not because there is no more to be said on the subject, but because works of the genre appear to have become the special field of "creative scholars" who do not have the energy, or perhaps are too anxious to get into print, to develop a respectable background of original research for their writing.

The acknowledged fountainhead of books on the history of labor in America is the authoritative ten volumes of "A Documentary History of American Industrial Society" and a companion work in four volumes, "History of Labor in the United States," by John R. Commons and associates. It is to these volumes that Dulles has gone for most of his research.

Granted that the studies by Commons and his group are basic in their field, there are wide areas which they did not explore. With this in mind, it is difficult to understand why Professor Dulles has not only contented himself with second-hand material but has also failed to contribute at least some fresh viewpoint on the data Commons established. This cannot reasonably be laid to the problem of

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condensation. There are many places in the book where a single line of interpretive comment would have served to clarify the meaning of an event which now stands merely as an incident, related only in time and sequence to the development of the trade-union apparatus.

A single example of this will illuminate the whole. Dulles writes concerning the collapse of the Pullman Strike of 1894: "For a time he [Eugene V. Debs] hoped to win labor support for a general strike, only to be rebuffed by the American Federation of Labor." There is no remark here on the jealousy which Samuel Gompers is known to have had for Debs, his rival for national leadership of the nation's wage-earners and certainly the most popular labor leader of the time. Neither is there any indication that reliable investigators of the matter have stated that Debs did not ask Gompers to declare a general strike, but only to intercede with the railroads' General Managers' Association to solicit a promise that if the strike was called off strikers who returned to their jobs would not be discriminated against. Thus by the omission of a brief comment Dulles gives his readers a conception of an event which is contrary to well-established facts. There are many such gaps in the book.

Yet in his handling of recent labor history Dulles evidences a keen insight into the motivations and pressures which influence the actions of union leaders. Here the book is well above average. Dulles's viewpoint on the will-to-power of the opposed labor-leader blocs which brought about the formation of the CIO is highly perceptive. His comment on the dangers to our established institutions through the development of a labor boss-politician fraternity devoted to the capture of the suffrage of the wage-earning group deserves wide and thoughtful reading.

Considering such demonstrations of his competence, it is difficult to excuse the author's failure to give his readers the benefit of an obvious talent for deduction when he writes about happenings which, regardless of how remote in time, were important to the shaping of American trade unionism. Even in a most abbreviated history some analysis of events is required if it is to have scope and meaning.

But despite the deficiencies noted, Dulles has produced a book which will stand comparison with most contemporary works of its kind. In view of what has been said previously regarding the generally low estate of such works, this will be recognized instantly as faint praise. Nevertheless, it is the most this reviewer can give.

State Within and Above a State?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *One of the most controversial recent books is Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power," which grew out of a series of articles in* The Nation *magazine. As a result of these articles,* The Nation *was deleted from the approved magazine list in the New York City public schools. The following joint review is presented as less of a debate than a responsible consideration of the book from both the non-Catholic and Catholic points of view.*

1. A Non-Catholic View

By H. M. Kallen

THIS book is first and last a study of the structure and activities of the Roman Catholic Church as an organization of power, particularly in the United States. From the study it draws certain conclusions regarding the import of this organization of power for the traditional liberties of the American people. The author bases his exposition almost exclusively upon Roman Catholic authorities—papal encyclicals, canon law, Catholic action manuals, almanacs, directories, encyclopedias, catechisms, Catholic (mostly clerical) writers on ethics and politics, art, sex, marriage, divorce, and medicine, Catholic theological and literary journals, diocesan papers. Of nearly 100 titles listed in the bibliography, fully two-thirds are Catholic, while the citations from Catholic authorities in the body of the book bulk very much larger. To insure his work as far as might be against mistakes of fact, the author has had the advice and criticism of George La Piana, professor emeritus of Church History at Harvard; Giovanni Pioli, of Milan, former vice rector of the Propaganda Pontifical College for Roman Catholic Missions, Rome; Edwin McNeill Poteat, former president of Rochester-Colgate Divinity School, also a leading American Catholic author. In addition he secured scrutiny by experts of his chapters on education, on medicine, and on sex, birth control, and eugenics.

The result is a book of thirteen chapters, of which the second to the eleventh inclusive embody an exposition of the principles and practices of Roman Catholicism. The first explains why the author felt that to undertake the study was a public duty. Of the last two, Chapter 12, "The Catholic Plan for America," redefines the situation of American freedom in relation to Catholic power, and Chapter 13 presents the author's ideas of how to relieve the situation.

* *AMERICAN FREEDOM AND CATHOLIC POWER. By Paul Blanshard. Boston: The Beacon Press. 350 pp. $3.50.*

—The Nation.

Paul Blanshard: "It is a matter of the use and abuse of power."

The conclusions to which his studies lead Mr. Blanshard are that "the Catholic problem . . . is not primarily a religious problem: it is an institutional and political problem. It is a matter of the use and abuse of power by an organization that is not only a church but a state within a state, and a state above a state." This state is a sovereign polity, with its political-sacerdotal capitol at the Vatican in Rome, and with extensions among all the peoples of the globe. The Pope, its ruler, is an absolute monarch who is claimed to be God's designated viceroy on earth, the sole guardian of His revelation to man, endowed with infallibility, and entitled to the submission and obedience of all mankind, including heads of states. The organization which supports and channels the papal power is a hierarchy of priests trained for the purpose and vowed to lives of celibacy and obedience. As against the clergy, the Catholic people, to whom they presumably minister, are "not citizens but *subjects* in their own religious commonwealth," segregated, as far as priestly power is able, from fellow subjects or fellow citizens of other faiths, and held by various means to an exclusive service and obedience.

As the American Catholic hierarchy operates in the United States,

> there is no doubt that [it] has entered the political arena, and

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that it is becoming more and more aggressive in extending the frontiers of Catholic authority into the fields of medicine, education, and foreign policy. In the name of religion, the hierarchy fights birth control and divorce laws in all states. It tells Catholic doctors, nurses, judges, teachers, and legislators what they can and cannot do in many of the controversial phases of their professional conduct. It segregates Catholic children from the rest of the community in a separate school system, and censors the cultural diet of these children. It uses the political power of some twenty-six million official American Catholics to bring American foreign policy in line with Vatican temporal interests.

Against such as challenge or offer alternatives to any of its policies, the hierarchy exerts its great power as a pressure group; "no editor, politician, publisher, merchant, or motion-picture producer can express his defiance openly—or publicize documented facts—without risking his future."

In sum, Catholic clericalism is battling, sometimes openly, sometimes secretly, against American freedom. In their thrust toward exclusive monopoly for their doctrine and discipline, clerical interests invade all the freedoms which are the characteristic of the American way of life. Mr. Blanshard suggests repelling this invasion by means of a resistance in which truly democratic Catholics would join with all other Americans loyal to democracy. This resistance would aim to free communication between Catholics and non-Catholics on matters of faith and morals, especially as these affect medicine, marriage, divorce, and sex. It would seek to exclude mere priests from exercising authority in medical issues. It would seek to abolish clerical censorship and inquisition over what is written, read, spoken, or listened to. It would seek either that parochial schools should be made to meet the educational requirements of the free public schools or that they be replaced by such schools. It would keep inviolate and strengthen the American principle of separation of church and state. It would require that bishops and others of the hierarchy, being appointed from Rome by the ruler of a foreign state, should register as foreign agents under the Foreign Agents Registration Act. It would make sure that Catholic judges loyally follow the law of the land without conforming it to that of the Catholic Church. It would distinguish what is the property of the clergy and tax it like other property. But it must seek these ends in the spirit of freedom and fellowship with the Catholic people: "American freedom is their freedom and any curtailment of that freedom by clerical power is an even more serious matter for them than it is for non-Catholics." It requires essentially liberating Catholicism, the sacramental religion, from Catholicism, the imperial political power. Can this be done? Mr. Blanshard is not sure, but he is sure that the nation is at the point where the risk must be taken.

H. M. Kallen is a professor at the New School for Social Research.

2. A Catholic View

By William S. Lynch

IT BEGINS to look as though the subject treated in this book still cannot be discussed dispassionately and effectively. Maybe it is the nature of churches, races, and nations to defy considerations free of extraneous feelings or points of view. A Catholic reader of this book is going to be thoroughly provoked, a non-Catholic is going to be horrified. And so, since the Catholic Church seems to be one of those things on which no one can look with complete indifference, judgments from written materials will have to be made only after studying a wide variety of viewpoints.

This author is quite correct when he says "probably no phase of our life is in greater need of candid discussion than the relationship of the Roman Catholic Church to American institutions, and certainly no important factor in our life has been more consistently neglected by responsible writers." Even so, he succeeds in muddying further the waters of understanding between Catholic and non-Catholic. On his own premises, the effectiveness of his work should be judged from the standpoint of furthering American unity and of bringing a large minority group into closer concordance with a puzzled majority. In this he has failed.

Paul Blanshard would appear to be a man of modern sentiment whose liberalizing is literal and dogmatic, one of those who are shocked by departure from scientific formula as they see it. Such people give short shrift to their less intellectualizing fellows whose desires transcend the antiseptic lab and who resist the statistical dot they may have to become. For ignorance and depravity there can be no patience, but these are not to be confused with traditional, spiritual, and even poetic satisfactions found in social institutions Mr. Blanshard considers benighted. In fairness, this book does contain several incidental phrases which, if searched for and found, provide technical evidence that the author knows there is a decent thing or two to be said of the institution he shows in such sinister light.

Many people do not like the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church on birth control, abortion, cremation, divorce, and a number of other things cutting across social and moral ethics. Many Catholics do not like them. These are matters which relate to individual conscience and social consequence. Democratically speaking, the individual may or may not subscribe to them as he sees fit. Under guarantees of freedom of conscience he is free to choose his beliefs. If, however, the believer attempts to coerce non-believers to his practices, the issue becomes a different one and the coerced can be expected to protest. It is this failure to distinguish between the Catholic's right to believe what he does and the non-Catholic's protest against being forced to subscribe to Catholic practice which confuses the issue and invalidates much of what is said here. In short, the author is out of order in questioning implicitly or explicitly the Catholic's right to refuse euthanasia, or to believe in miracles. He is on better ground when he criticizes efforts to make non-Catholics do the same.

Until a better job has been done in interdenominational and intercultural understanding, it is reasonable to expect distrust of the Catholic as there is of the Jew, the Negro, and others who for one reason or another do not fit neatly into the dominant mores pattern. This is particularly true of a group as large and as well organized as the Catholic. This distrust is compounded further by the relatively recent period during which Catholic immigrants have swelled the size of the Church in America. In turn, Catholics have viewed with too much alarm the uncomprehending world about them. Leadership has been directed too much to the problems of staking out political and social claims and not enough to the cultural.

These factors are pointed out in this book, and in them are lessons for the Catholic who frequently is as ashamed of the low level of scholarship and censorship as the non-Catholic is amused or irritated. Similarly, religious finance in many instances takes on vulgar methods, as it seems to in almost all fields where it is required. Examples of these are presented and documented as they are on other subjects throughout the book. Much is made of the documentation of facts, by the way, and there are hundreds of them, certainly to the ordinary reader, unquestionable. How validly they are assembled and how well chosen to prove a point or established conclusion is something else again. That is a matter for a Catholic theologian. The net result in many in-

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stances is not too distant from a rather low level of anti-Catholicism, as though the Ku Klux Klan had gone intellectual.

After all the charges of social backwardness, of anti-intellectualism and medical barbarism have been made and examined, there are a couple which deserve extremely serious consideration. Of these, perhaps the most disturbing is what appears to be the divisiveness of public and parochial schools. The democratic solution of this problem is without doubt the most urgent of all. Many of the others are soluble in the distinction between form and practice. The common schooling of future American citizens is basic to the integrating of America and in it lies the greatest hope of the realization of our ideals. Historically we have carried and still do carry private independent schools. Often they are based on class or intellectual distinctions which have been ignored while educational philosophers were able to find justification for them as "pilot" schools or experimental yardsticks. It is not so easy to rationalize them in large numbers on these grounds. And then we run afoul of the secularism which has evolved as a fundamental principle of public education. Even the feeble provision of released time has been ruled out. Now other denominations are establishing schools of their own. Somehow the non-denominational nature of the public schools must be maintained and at the same time deep-feeling religious groups allowed to train their young in the principles of their philosophies. Mr. Blanshard's sense of the high importance of the public school is sound, but the problem is much wider than he presents it. It is related closely, too, to the unevenness in the quality of our public schools as well as our parochial ones.

To return to the book as a whole. Here are expanded and revised the twelve articles which appeared in *The Nation* and caused the by now famous dispute with the Board of Superintendents of the New York City public schools. Whatever the merits of that debate, the book raises a number of points of concern to all Americans, Catholic and non-Catholic. Unfortunately, its effectiveness is ruined by a complete lack of comprehension of what constitutes the appeal of the Church to its members. The millions of Catholics who exist in America, as active and participating adherents of the American dream, must be something more than priest-ridden devotees of a jealous Roman sovereign.

William S. Lynch is superintendent of schools of Fall River, Massachusetts.

Fiction. *The appearance of a war novel that brilliantly records the life of our airmen with honesty and without rancor is an event worth recording. Martin Quigley's "A Tent on Corsica" is commendably brief. It records the daily life of the airmen of a bomber squadron who are facing death or monotony with honest realism. In "Twilight on the Floods" Marguerite Steen continues the history of the slave-trading family whose earlier days were recorded in her fabulously successful "The Sun Is My Undoing." In comparison with these books, "Fraternity Village" comes from another world. It is a collection taken from the hundred or more popular magazine stories of rural life and character in Maine that Ben Ames Williams has been writing and selling for thirty years.*

Late-Afternoon Sun Is My Undoing

TWILIGHT ON THE FLOODS. By Marguerite Steen. New York: Doubleday & Co. 782 pp. $3.95.

By Harrison Smith

EIGHT years have passed since Marguerite Steen's massive, twelve-hundred-page novel "The Sun Is My Undoing" became a best seller in England and America and, with a few of its predecessors, established the pattern for today's exuberant historical novel that satiates, stuns, and apparently absorbs its readers. If it was astonishing then that Miss Steen, after writing a dozen or so varied English novels, should have turned out this exhaustive melodrama of the British slave trade, it is even more remarkable that after this lapse of time so versatile a writer should return to the same subject and the same family for her latest book. "Twilight on the Floods" is in every sense a continuation of "The Sun Is My Undoing." Here are the descendants and relatives of the original Matthew Flood, the mercantile houses and wharves of Bristol, the same African Gold Coast, the same sailing ships. It is as if Margaret Mitchell had published five years ago a successor to "Gone with the Wind," with Scarlett O'Hara playing the part of a matriarchal great-grandmother reigning over her old plantation.

In the intervening years Bristol and the Floods have suffered a sea change since the second Matthew sailed up the Avon River with his sons in 1831 to find Bristol in flames and his old benefactress in her coffin. He established his firm and fought his ruthless way into power, so that two of his grandsons could become do-nothing gentlemen with large estates.

The novel actually begins in the year 1891. Queen Victoria sits on the throne, the symbol of peace, prosperity, and the British Empire on which the sun may never set. Under her aegis the Flood ships still sail to the Gold Coast to trade trinkets and the cheap manufactures of Manchester for gold and ivory. It has been forgotten that the first Matthew Flood had made his fortune by brutally kidnapping Negro families and selling them in the West Indies. There was still a faint smell about the family of which only young Johnny Flood, old Matthew's great-grandson, peevishly idle in his great mansion, was aware.

Johnny, perched on one of the many limbs of the family tree drawn by the author for the reader's bewilderment, becomes the center of the novel. Young Johnny runs away to sea and gets his first intoxicating and terrifying glimpse of the Gold Coast. He is the awkward duckling, small and intense, and inevitably he becomes a clerk in the family business. In the later Nineties Bristol began to give up some of its trade and prestige to Liverpool. John's brief memories of West Africa send him back to the Gold Coast as his uncle's agent, to restore the prestige of the firm by

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discovering new sources of revenue. At this point Miss Steen comes into her own.

The poverty and degradation of the natives, the sights and smells of England's long neglected Crown Colony are described with a virtuosity that is as prolix as it is remarkable. The loathsome trading ports and sullen hex-ridden native villages have even more reality and sharpness than the streets of Bristol and the family country houses. It is an admirable reconstruction of a forgotten land that few people have ever seen, and its reality seems all the greater an accomplishment in that it appears to be a reconstruction rather than a feat of the writer's imagination. Miss Steen is as gifted in her scenes of violence and sudden death as she is in pulling the many strings that are attached to the scores of characters in the novel.

The reader is inclined at first to applaud wholeheartedly this display of virtuosity and endurance. But as the endless pages follow each other a sense of weariness and futility steals over the book. It becomes apparent that John is destined for a bad end and that these years are indeed the twilight of the Floods. When he loses the girl with whom he has been in love to his raffish uncle, and dies in the bloody rebellion of the Ashantis, the very intensity with which the innumerable complexities of his own life and that of so many others have been followed seems to have become laborious and useless occupation.

It may be that Miss Steen has placed too much before the reader. It is a brilliant accomplishment, but the reader is finally surfeited and stunned as if he had been gorged with an enormous dinner. It is like a man without a heart, or an elaborate canvas meticulously painted without the accents and the neglects that are the mark of true artistry.

Salty Yankee in Searsmont

FRATERNITY VILLAGE. By Ben Ames Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 336 pp. $3.

By Pamela Taylor

ALTHOUGH Ben Ames Williams is well known as the author of such best sellers as "Leave Her to Heaven," "Strange Woman," and "House Divided," to many readers of *The Saturday Evening Post, Country Gentleman,* and *Collier's* he is affectionately identified with a Maine town which he has chosen to call Fraternity.

In 1918 Mr. Williams, having resigned from the *Boston American* to try free-lance fiction writing, met a farmer whose home was in Searsmont, Maine. Immediately congenial, the two men began to hunt and fish together, and Mr. Williams, anxious for fiction material, discovered that in this salty, wise, and sturdy man he had found not only a friend but an endless source of New England stories. In his first, written in 1919, Searsmont emerged as "Fraternity," and the farmer as "Chet McAusland." Of the one hundred and twenty-five Fraternity stories which were written between 1919 and 1940, some one hundred have been published, and it is because of their undiminishing popularity and the many requests for a collected edition that sixteen of them are now printed in a single volume.

As Mr. Williams is the first to point out, they are stories with a minimum of plot, largely projections of character, of those hard-bitten ruggedly individualistic men with their dry wit and shrewd wisdom, who farm their lonely acres and in the evening foregather in the general store at mail time to trade gossip and observations on the crops, the weather, or the state of the nation. There are stories of personal exploits which have obviously been told and retold until they drifted into local legend, tales of dogs and dog training, lore of fishing and hunting, even a few romantic stories. They are stories chiefly about men, but anyone who finds the human race lovable or amusing, who enjoys speech which is original and full of flavor, will find them entertaining reading. If a long and rewarding friendship has furnished the human element of the stories, a really sporting keenness of nose and eye and ear, a knowledgable sensitiveness to change of season, color, and foliage, fill in a background which is vivid.

These stories have been reprinted in the chronological sequence in which they were written, so that those who are interested from a technical standpoint can trace the author's development as he becomes more at home with the form which he has chosen. Greater familiarity with the locale (Mr. Williams finally bought a farm in Searsmont, where he still spends his summers) also produces, the professional or would-be professional may note, more accurate local color, more correct reporting of farming practice. All of this Mr. Williams sets down in a brief but illuminating explanatory note at the beginning of the book, adding, a little ruefully perhaps, that of the twenty-five stories which never found a market anywhere, all but one or two were plot stories, leading him to suppose that it was characterization that the editors, at any rate, wanted from him.

The popularity of the stories must have long since justified this judgment. Chet McAusland's old friends and admirers, as well as the many new ones he will inevitably make, will recognize in these tales of his fellow townsmen, and his ancestors, the sagacity, the sentiment, and the tough fiber of the true Yankee, who, though he may live in Fraternity, far from the main stream of today's world, has been for generations the very fabric of much of our national personality.

—From "Twilight on the Floods."

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 800)

M. H. NICOLSON:
VOYAGES TO THE MOON

If you and I laugh at the quaintness and naïveté of those earlier cosmic voyagers, our laughter is still touched with mystery and dream, with affection for those men who possessed, as did Alice, the charm of believing youth.

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Art, Atoms & Lanny

O SHEPHERD, SPEAK! By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 629 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

THE "World's End" Series, an extraordinary literary phenomenon, here comes to its presumptive end. Even so, Mr. Sinclair is guarded, and speaks of the "tenth and I hope final" volume. In other words, if all hell busts loose tomorrow, Lanny Budd will ride again.

The present adventure runs from November 1944 to the summer of 1946. It finds Lanny, an assimilated colonel, functioning as an art expert with the "Monuments" outfit, whose task it is to track down the hidden hoards of stolen art treasures in Germany, to recover and safeguard them. In the course of this he finds himself enveloped in the Battle of the Bulge.

He works, too, with the mysterious scientific group called "Alsos" (Greek for "grooves"), which is operating under the direction of the physicist Samuel Goudsmit. No less a person than Albert Einstein had coached Lanny for this role. The top-secret task of Alsos was to keep up with the advanced forces in the penetration of Germany and to track down every possible clue to German progress in nuclear physics. It meant finding and seizing laboratories; searching out and capturing Werner Heisenberg, Otto Hahn, and other key men in German physics. The Alsos knew what was in preparation at Los Alamos and worked in continual dread that Germany might be finishing its own bomb in time for its desperate, eleventh-hour need.

Interspersed with these duties is a trip home to confer with "The Boss," which leads to Lanny's presence at Yalta and finally to his presence at Warm Springs when FDR dies.

Lanny interviews Goering, upon the Reichsmarshal's capture, and later confounds his defense by testifying at Nuremberg. He is at Alamagordo when the first atom bomb is tested. The last of his major missions is a fruitless conversation with Stalin.

One of Lanny's old friends, Emily Chattersworth, has died and left him a million dollars, which he is to devote to the cause of ending war. A long, postwar section of the book relates the efforts of Lanny, and his wife, Laurel, and their British Socialist friends, Rick and Nina Pomeroy-Nielson, to establish a peace movement. This sequence becomes tedious and is depressing in its futility in spite of Sinclair's valiant effort to infuse it with hope and vitality. He knows the meaning of the atomic age in warfare and joins his voice in the all-too-small chorus of warning. Can we blame him for not having come up with the answer?

Except for the one interlude mentioned above the book is continually absorbing. The art and atom chase into Germany is a fabulous tale, scrupulously documented. Sinclair's revelation of the astonishingly retarded state of nuclear physics in Germany is authenticated by Goudsmit himself, who headed the mission. This, and the attitudes responsible for it, lend new meanings to the present controversies over scientific freedom in the Soviet Union. It hammers home the truth that the Soviets appear determined to ignore, and that the U. S. Congress had better not forget, that no science can flourish under thought control.

As in the other Budd books, the writing ranges from the pedestrian to the distinguished. The always superb characterizations are sustained. The account of the Ardennes breakthrough is in the Hugo-Stendahl tradition of the comprehensive battle view. The elegiac passages on the death of Roosevelt are eloquent and moving. The devotion of this life-long Socialist and independent thinker to FDR, the appreciation of the man and his administration in the round, is a tribute to both.

Thus we conclude the saga of Lanny Budd. A few *littérateurs* have laughed up their sleeves at it. The fact remains that for purposeful productivity Sinclair can teach the younger fry a lesson. Every experienced literary workman knows the vital energy poured into these books. Shaw's tribute to them as a history of the times is valid. They are as accurate as any other equivalent survey notwithstanding the "fiction" classification, and are richly creative in insight and interpretation.

To some extent they are a grind, and bear the marks of it. If Lanny's adventures are sometimes naively fabulous, if we cannot help grinning at the steeplechase occasionally, it is a part of the fact that the books are never dull. The invention is unflagging; the ingenuity unfailing.

All novels, in a sense, are historical. But who else has undertaken a ten-volume novel attempting to run between the very wheels of contemporary history? It is a massive human comedy—or tragedy.

Mr. Sinclair appends an index to the "World's End" Series and a good bit of data on their sales and international circulation. He is frankly proud of them. He has a right to be. On behalf of his devoted readers, I put in nomination: Lanny Budd for President!

—*Madame Yevonde.*
Marguerite Steen—"like a man without a heart."

Ben Ames Williams—a characterization editors wanted.

Upton Sinclair—"between the wheels of history."

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Welsh Hill Willies

LEAVES IN THE WIND. By Gwyn Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 306 pp. $3.

By John Woodburn

I HAVE not read Gwyn Thomas's two previous novels, "The Dark Philosophers" and "Venus and the Voters," and I must admit that after reading his new one I would not ordinarily have felt impelled to drop whatever I was doing, including the television set I am making out of an old magic lantern, and rush out to buy them. The back-flap of the dust-jacket of "Leaves in the Wind," however, has made me feel that I may have been missing what sounds like, to use a little-known phrase of Oscar Wilde's, "a real treat." It quotes one reviewer as saying of "The Dark Philosophers": ". . . a marvelous mixture of Bunyan and Runyon," and another, who apparently had something of the same idea but not so ready an ear for a rhyme: ". . . as if Thomas Hardy met Damon Runyon over a loving cup of small beer." This suggests a fascinating parlor game which might be called "Marvelous Mixtures" (we can start off with Somerset Maugham and Vicki Baum, and go on with Lewis Carroll and James T. Farrell, Homer and Rohmer, and Milton and Hilton) and it also moves me to say that, as far as I am concerned, "Leaves in the Wind" is a marvelous mixture of Farnol and Arnall (Ellis), or, perhaps, as if Donn Byrne and Mother Bloor had got together over a pitcher of switchel. There is no lack of social consciousness here, what with the way Mr. Thomas feels about the way the lordly iron-masters ground down the poor foundry workers in the Welsh hills in 1835, and there is enough Corinthian rhetoric and hedgerow homily to completely redecorate "The Broad Highway," including the maid's room.

Mr. Thomas's hero is one Alan Hugh Leigh, a ragged harpist, a mountainy man, brother to the hare and a wandering minstrel he. His mastery of the strings was such that, as Leigh puts it in his blunt way on page 11: "My father's father heard me play the harp just once and he saddened into such a storm of singing that it was too much for his frame and it swept him through the door of death." That, as far as I know, is the first recorded instance of death by sympathetic vibration. It seems to me he has hit upon the first really original idea for a murder mystery since the icicle gimmick.

When Leigh comes down from the hills to the furnace-pocked town of Moonlea he finds the ironworkers in sorry circumstances. Rents are up, evictions are rife, wages are melting in the hot fires of the furnaces, and Mr. Penbury, the rich dilettante who owns the local industry, is about to shut down the furnaces and starve the grumbling workers into submission. John Simon Adams, Leigh's onetime companion of the road ("I was the harpist and he was the singer. Together we could make even stones weep") has become a militant leader of the people and is organizing a protest march against the threatened lockout. Leigh, who has come to Moonlea to entice his friend back to the free, wandering life of the road, is caught up in the revolt. When the marchers are dispersed in a bloody

battle with Penbury's yeomanry, Leigh and Adams are jailed and put under sentence of death on a trumped-up murder charge. Leigh is freed at the last moment through the intervention of Penbury's beauteous daughter but Adams is hanged as the ironworkers fail in their attempt to rescue him. As the book ends, Leigh, hapless and harpless, returns to his airy mountains, to the land left him by his vibrating grandsire: "Two hills and a valley that are so lovely they make paradise weep."

There is considerably more tangential incident and counterplot than I have indicated here, as well as the traditional host of colorful characters which seem indigenous to this sort of book: good men and true, dreamers, villains, informers, tavern-sluts, and arrogant gentry, along with a neat balance of sacred and profane love. But the whole concoction is so encrusted with Mr. Thomas's marzipan prose and acrobatic imagery that it all tastes cloyingly alike. Here and there he can turn a fresh phrase but these are so frequently entangled in one of his marathon metaphors that it is scarcely worth while digging them out.

Air Brothers-in-Arms

A TENT ON CORSICA. By Martin Quigley. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 192 pp. $2.75.

By Peter White

A TALENTED young 12th Air Force veteran with an attractive mind has written his war out of his system, and given us a very good story. Background and action were part of the lives of many thousands, and a rough equivalent is already familiar to anyone ever professionally or sentimentally connected with the air war, particularly in the Mediterranean.

A crew from a bomber squadron based on Corsica share a tent and some vivid and binding experiences on the Government's time and their own. The odds are four to one they will not complete their tour of seventy-five missions. Notwithstanding the familiarity of its much-publicized basic material, this novel deserves substantial success for its good literary quality. It is admirably brief, easy to read, never dull or contrived, and magnificently sane in the telling about a way of life and a kind of duty which throw the natural order of things utterly out of joint and mark indelibly the interior balance of anyone ever involved. Each pruned and tailored chapter chronicles the succession of crises ranging from a burst cask in a wine cave to the unbearable tensions of bomb run over target, crises which give character to life in a combat air force at war and compress extreme performance from ordinary human nature. Every word is organic and essential—no padding or chatter. The author's realism is commendably broad: he weaves great-hearted feeling for brothers-in-arms, passion for rescue, passion for justice, passion to serve, pride of profession together with the chords of frustration, blood-and-thunder, and drinking and wenching on leave in Rome.

These are whole men, acting according to their own natures despite the military clamp on their wills. New values and new canons brought into being by this new kind of warfare have been most deftly characterized, and when they are transgressed the reader is shocked as by a case of incest or child-murder. Some random samples: a special service officer maneuvers politically to get himself decorated; an enlisted combat hero visiting a friend gets kicked out of an officers' restaurant; a big-time-operator war correspondent puts on a

(*Continued on page* 33)

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Personal History. *Although the first three books we review here treat the personal experiences of individual men, they are less significant as biographies than as commentaries on the state of Europe in this bewildering year of 1949. Two international organizations—the Communist Party of Moscow and the Church of Rome—are at this moment engaged in a momentous struggle for the souls of the people of such lands as Hungary and Czechoslovakia. The story of the primate of Hungary, reported in "Cardinal Mindszenty Speaks" and Bela Fabian's 'Cardinal Mindszenty" will illuminate that battle. But there is a more frivolous side to present-day Europe, as one of the* New York Herald Tribune*'s men, young William Attwood, found in visits to Parisian cafés, brothels, and hair-growing institutes. He calls his saucy memoranda on his experiences "The Man Who Could Grow Hair"* *(see page 20).*

A Stand & a Fight for a Faith

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY SPEAKS. Published by order of Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 234 *pp.* $2.50.

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY. By Bela Fabian. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 207 *pp.* $2.75.

By George N. Shuster

HERE is a "White Book," prepared for publication by the imprisoned Cardinal himself, which contains speeches, statements, and interviews dealing with the events which led up to the most sensational trial in Hungarian history. Bela Fabian's short biography is a useful supplement, though it is above all an angry indictment of the Communist regime. At least it should make it impossible for anyone to believe that the Cardinal at any time collaborated with the Nazis, for Fabian is a Jew who escaped their clutches. He was fortunate a second time, and managed to get out of Hungary after the "liberation." His book is an account of what he heard and saw rather than a carefully written account of Cardinal Mindszenty's career. But it is certainly very readable, stirring, and significant.

What is perhaps more notable about this whole tragic episode is its conformity with a pattern long since grown familiar. It duplicates almost step by step the life story of Cardinal Faulhaber, of Munich, except that the Nazis never staged a trial and imposed a sentence. This, as we now know, was deferred until after victory had been obtained and Himmler could carry out his plans. Otherwise what happened in Budapest is almost an exact duplicate of what occurred in Munich. "Lawless elements" got out of hand, as the party manipulators (whether Hitlerites or Stalinists does not matter) expressed it, there were massacres, assassinations, and imprisonments, and eventually no one dared any longer move or protest. But the Cardinal as spokesman for the Church could not take refuge in silence. Familiar accusations of "political activity" followed immediately. The prelate was a "Nazi" in Budapest, even as he had been a "Red" in Munich. "International ties" were denounced. The momentum of the attack increased steadily. Corpus Christi processions were broken up, church services were disrupted, the teaching of religion was forbidden. Soon the prelate was more and more completely isolated by reason of the jailing of the loyal and the defection of the weak.

It seems odd in retrospect that anybody should have thought that Budapest was in a different moral realm from Munich. Wartime myths die hard, and ostriches sometimes come out of the sand slowly. That the Catholic Church in Hungary kept its skirts remarkably clean of collusion with the Nazis has been attested to by a whole series of Hungarian Jews, who certainly had nothing to gain from speaking out except the satisfaction of having courageously expressed their gratitude. Mr. Fabian is only one of them. The reasons why the record is so good are probably two. In the first place, many of the Hungarian clergy were Austrian legitimists, who wanted to reunite with Austria under an heir to the Crown of St. Stephen. For most of them Horthy was an upstart and an impediment to progress. And the second reason may well have been the resolute way in which the Vatican quashed the appeasement policy of Cardinal Innitzer, of Vienna, after Hitler's coup in 1938. At any rate, the conduct of Mindszenty is as above reproach in this respect as was that of his predecessor, Cardinal Seredi.

No doubt one could differ with them about many things. Mindszenty has been a patriotic Hungarian and the son of peasants who loved their country and their soil. Perhaps he should have had more to say about the United Nations. He doubted the value and questioned the legitimacy of the land reforms ordered after 1945, and he was very frankly afraid that the loss of properties would impoverish the Church. Possibly he should have closed the schools and the convents. But after all, it was a little like being the president of Vassar and confronting the question of whether to give away the campus. On the great issues, however, Mindszenty was on solid ground. He could not wait for the Commission on Human Rights to come up with a declaration, and so he came out with his own in simple, straightforward Hungarian. A devoted churchman and an ascetic priest who had lived among his people and come to understand them well, he meant what he said and everybody knew it.

His greatest fault in the eyes of the Communists, as in those of some critics outside his country, was that

—*International News Photo.*

Joseph Cardinal Mindszenty after the trial—and before.

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he didn't simply tell people all men had been created equal and that murder was a crime, but that he urged his people to vote for candidates who believed in the ordinary processes of justice and would not stamp out the teaching of religion. Talking like that was hardly separation of church and state according to the more exacting members of the Supreme Court. Nevertheless one supposes that, however stern the critics may be when they turn their eyes on Budapest they are not likely to upbraid Cardinal Faulhaber, in retrospect, for having done the same thing in Munich. And so in the end perhaps the parallel will dawn even in the land of the intellectual midnight sun.

At any rate, here is a stiff dose of plain talk by a man who had to stand up and fight for his faith. The covers of Mr. Fabian's book offer two portraits of Mindszenty—one taken before the trial and the other afterward. If you look at them carefully, it is hardly necessary to read the text. You will wonder why we live in a time like ours. And that is a salutary question.

George N. Shuster is president of Hunter College. He is author of "The Germans," "Strong Man Rules," and "Germany, a Short History."

Hq. Daydream Capital

THE MAN WHO COULD GROW HAIR; or Inside Andorra. By William Attwood. New York: Alfred A Knopf. 240 pp. $2.75.

By Lee Rogow

THERE must be thousands of people in this country who spend a good portion of their time figuring out how to get to Paris. As Mecca is to the Moslems, as his native gravel bed to the spawning salmon, as the kitchen floor to the buttered side of the bread, that is Paris to the daydreams of the civilized. Not even the fantasy of Telling Off the Boss uses up more kilowatt hours than this one. And seeing Paris does not put an end to the scheming, for the moment the traveler has glimpsed the happy land he joins that other great multitude, the people who are figuring out how to get *back* to Paris.

William Attwood is a fellow who made it, via the *Daily Princetonian*, the *Montreal Star*, the United States Army (greatest travel agents in the world), and the Paris office of the *New York Herald Tribune*. He was there about three years, joining the foreign staff of the *Trib* upon discharge from the Army and working

—From the book.

at it steadily until he came back to Long Island to put this book together. The ten pieces printed here are a retelling of some of his favorite stories for the paper and for *The New Yorker* magazine, together with some chat on the manner of his coming upon them.

These chapters are the record of what was for the author a completely enchanting experience, and his feeling about these years has spilled over into his writing and made this a charming, light-hearted book. It can be gulped down in two bites, like a canape, and like a good canape it leaves a very pleasant after-taste.

There is the story of a bus ride through the provinces with Premier Schuman, a bus ride which consisted mostly of small-town debates about the respective merits of local macaroons; there are interviews with the outraged proprietors of the leading Paris pleasure domes on the occasion of a Government attempt to put the shutters on; there is the account of a plane junket through the primitive air fields of North Africa, one of the most effective arguments for the ox-cart I've ever seen; there is the record of a trip to the tiny independent State of Andorra, a self-sufficient nation of spies and smugglers; there are several of those crazy old coots who are always turning up in the adventures of newspapermen, including one who believed he could grow hair, and another whose life was in making the balloon ascension.

Maybe I'm a pushover for any book that begins with a fellow sitting at a sidewalk cafe on the Champs Elysée in April, but almost all of it seemed beguiling, intelligent, and well done.

If you believe that it is wonderful to be young and to have a good digestion and to work in a newspaper office in the daydream capital of the world, this book will make an amiable addition to your summer reading. If you don't believe these things, I tell you very frankly I wish to have no truck with your type of person.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

THESE POETS HAD TWO WORDS FOR IT!

Following are twenty-five pairs of adjectives culled out of twenty-five familiar poems. Can you match each quotation with the authors listed in the column at the right? Allowing four points for each correct answer, a score of sixty is par, seventy-two is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. bloody but unbowed	( ) Samuel T. Coleridge
2. calm and free	( ) Eugene Field
3. cold and dead	( ) Edward Fitzgerald
4. great and small	( ) Stephen Foster
5. lean and flashy	( ) Oliver Goldsmith
6. locked and barred	( ) Oscar Hammerstein II
7. lone and level	( ) William E. Henley
8. long and silent	( ) Thomas Hood
9. old and gray	( ) A. E. Housman
10. one and twenty	( ) John Keats
11. pale and wan	( ) Vachel Lindsay
12. pink and silver	( ) Henry W. Longfellow
13. rare and radiant	( ) Amy Lowell
14. rash and undutiful	( ) Edwin Markham
15. sad and dreary	( ) John Milton
16. simple and heartfelt	( ) Alfred Noyes
17. stolid and stunned	( ) Edgar Allan Poe
18. sturdy and staunch	( ) William Shakespeare
19. sweet and low	( ) R. L. Stevenson
20. sweet and twenty	( ) Sir John Suckling
21. torch-eyed and horrible	( ) Alfred Tennyson
22. two and seventy	( ) Walt Whitman
23. unadorned and plain	( ) Oscar Wilde
24. wide and starry	( ) William Wordsworth
25. wild and free	( ) William Butler Yeats

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Albert Himself

THE PRINCE CONSORT. By Roger Fulford. New York: The Macmillan Co. 292 *pp.* $5.50.

By CRANE BRINTON

MR. ROGER FULFORD has written what one might call a "straight" biography of Prince Albert. He does not attempt to give in this brief volume a history of Victorian Britain. He by no means neglects the environment in which Albert did his life work, but he is primarily interested in Albert himself. He belongs apparently to no specific school of modern psychologists, but he is much concerned with the character and personality of his subject. He likes and admires Albert, but he is no hero-worshipper. He has a higher opinion of Albert's political wisdom and political importance than was common among writers a generation ago or, indeed, among the later Victorians. But he makes a good case for his contention that, propped by Albert's good judgment and hard work, Victoria's throne was something more than the "ornamental monarchy" Walter Bagehot thought it.

Distrusted by the British people as a foreigner, kept politically, though by no means emotionally, at arm's length by his young wife, Albert doggedly kept at the task of becoming something more than a consort, and finally succeeded. He did not, indeed, aim at the kind of power traditionally associated with European kingship. He wanted the powers of a constitutional ruler, a kind of dignified chairmanship, the position of a moderator, above party but not above the struggle. Oddly enough, the very British institution of the constitutional monarch owes something to this descendant of a long line of petty German despots.

This is not a gossipy book, though there is a good deal of intimate domestic detail, much of it from the royal archives at Windsor. To devotees of Lytton Strachey, it will seem a rather dull book, somewhat too respectful of Victorian decencies. To old-fashioned democrats, it will seem unduly aware of whatever hedges royalty. Yet in common human terms it gives surely a more just view of the Prince Consort than does Strachey's condescending wit.

Indeed, it is tempting to discern a certain progress toward truth in three generations of Victorian biography. The first generation, represented for Albert by the five pious volumes of Theodore Martin, "supervised" by Victoria herself, needed the debunking Strachey and the others of the second generation gave it. Its first volume has as frontispiece a reproduction of a miniature of the youthful Albert by Thorburn, in which the handsome prince is apparently wearing imitation armor. Martin was too long, too pious, too unwilling to call a spade anything at all. Strachey, if too subtle to call the spade a bloody shovel, certainly focused his attention on the meaner work the shovel did. The second generation of Victorian biographers showed up their subjects by showing off themselves. Their Victorians were too amusing—too unconsciously amusing—to be true.

Now there are signs in the work of writers like Mr. Fulford and Hector Bolitho that a third generation of biographers is coming nearer the truth. They do not make the mistake of revolting completely from their predecessors. Mr. Fulford himself confesses his debt to Strachey. His Albert is no paragon of virtue, but a hard-working, sensible, rather humorless, and not very subtle nineteenth-century political leader. The Prince Consort did not understand his eldest son, and the straight-jacket education he planned for that son perhaps in some small measure helped widen the rift between Britain and Germany. For Edward grew up to hate things German and love things French. Albert was perhaps too stiff an idealist to have been a really great statesman. But he was not the prig the Edwardians made him out to be. Mr. Fulford has helped restore him to his proper humanity.

—*Culver Service.*

Prince Albert—"no paragon of virtue, but . . . sensible."

Personal History Notes

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON 1786-1846, *by Eric George, Oxford University Press.* $6. Keats wrote four sonnets in praise of Benjamin Robert Haydon and his work, Wordsworth and Mary Russell Mitford two each, Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Leigh Hunt one each, and Lamb addressed some Latin verses to a Haydon painting. Yet Haydon's accomplishments as an artist failed to reach the summit fixed by his ambition and his vanity, and he died at sixty by his own hand, with his daughter discovering his body in his studio and mistaking her father's self-shed blood for red paint.

Mr. George tells the story with concise competence, and with a restraint that refuses to exploit, but does not gloss over, the fantastic aspects of Haydon's career. There is a good amount of revelatory anecdote. Haydon, desperately in debt to landlord, baker, tailor, coal merchant, and such of his friends as would accommodate him, told a friend who asked him what he planned to paint next, "Solomon's judgment." "Raphael and Rubens have both tried it," said the friend. "So much the better. I'll tell the story better," said Haydon. Whether better or not, he told it, and sold the product for 700 guineas. It has since disappeared.

The same fate has overtaken much of his work, but his "Christ's Triumphant Entry into Jerusalem" is owned by St. Mary's Seminary in Norwood, Ohio.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

SKYO, by Martha Hardy. Superior Publishing Co. $3. The charms of the rugged West are apt to recede visibly as worshippers attempt to expound them. Affection turns to whimsy, and our Eastern feet become more and more tender: Take Miss Hardy. A defiantly self-conscious spinster schoolteacher, surely unfair to herself. A lumber ranch nestling at the foot of Skyo Mountain is her week-end domain. Here the fir trees wave at her, dogs talk back, and her DeSoto sedan, fancifully called "Dess," assumes human traits. Timbers topple, salmon whiz upstream, bears trample the woods, and there is no comfort anywhere in the whole State of Washington.

Miss Hardy's absolute enthusiasm is infinitely better served when she discards pixilation in favor of simple consciousness of the land's loveliness. We can share in that salute without embarrassment.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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More on Pound

THE following letter to *The Saturday Review* carries the names of all the members of the U. S. Library of Congress-Bollingen Award jury save that of Paul Green:

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON, D. C.

SIR: The Fellows of the Library of Congress in American Letters assert that the decision of the Jury for the Bollingen Prize was arrived at wholly by democratic procedure. We indignantly protest the impugnment through the editorial and articles in *The Saturday Review of Literature* of the integrity of motive of any of the Fellows.

We wish publicly to thank Mr. Paul Mellon and the Officers of the Bollingen Foundation for their generous encouragement of American Letters and to state that they had no part in nor knowledge of the jury's deliberations.

We wish publicly to thank the Librarian of Congress for his courage and wisdom in upholding the principle that a literary jury should have complete freedom of judgment.

CONRAD AIKEN
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ALLEN TATE
WILLARD THORP
ROBERT PENN WARREN
LEONIE ADAMS,
Consultant in Poetry
at the Library of Congress
and Secretary to the Fellows.

Mr. Green declined to sign the letter, he informs *SRL*, because he did not share the "indignation" of the Fellows. "I think the laugh is on us Fellows of the Library of Congress," he writes, "for giving the Bollingen Award to Erza Pound's book. I am willing to let it go at that. Naturally, everybody agrees with the fine statement of Dr. Evans that literary judgments and preferences, like other matters of the mind, should be free. They certainly were in this matter."

TO TAKE up the three main points made by the Fellows in their letter:

1. We accept without further question their assurance that the decision of the Bollingen jury was "arrived at wholly by democratic procedure." Doubt still remains, however, concerning democratic procedure in the announcement of the awards. The original announcements created the impression that the Fellows were unanimously behind the choice of Ezra Pound. Mr. Hillyer was able to establish that such was not the case—a fact confirmed by Paul Green in *SRL* June 11. As for the democratic nature of the award, there is the comment by Mr. Auden, one of the judges, to the effect that the prize is not the concern of the American people. This though the prize carries the name of the American Government. We are indebted, too, as we pointed out in an earlier editorial, to Mr. Auden for the statement that he would have been in favor of suppressing "The Pisan Cantos" if there had been any chance that the people would read it, for most people were to be "regarded as children who have not yet reached the age of consent in this matter [anti-Semitism], and from whom, therefore, all books, whether works of art or not, which reflect feeling about Jews—and it doesn't make the slightest difference whether they are pro or anti—must be withheld." And then, as a demonstration of his own superiority, Mr. Auden says he would award the Cantos a prize before withholding it.

But these are all side issues. The main issue, to which the Fellows have not addressed themselves, concerns the award itself. We had hoped that there might be some defense of "The Pisan Cantos" as poetry, which Mr. Green, one of the judges, described as a "volatile fever-fret of wordage," and which Mr. Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress, believed was "an unfortunate choice . . . hardly poetry at all." This is no private award, no closed-to-the-outsider affair where it is presumptuous to call for a public accounting. The award is made in the name of an important agency of the American people, and they have a right to demand that sense be made. It is the direct obligation of the Fellows to justify their choice. Let them agree, if they can, as to what each section of "The Pisan Cantos" means. Then let them justify Pound's grotesque pseudo-scholarship, his counterfeit Greek and Chinese classicism. Then let them square the obscene political content of some of Pound's lines with their excuse made in behalf of the award that art must be kept separate from politics. Let them defend Pound's destruction of values that are inseparable from a society in which culture is possible. It is the obligation of those who are defending Pound against the charges of treason on the grounds of insanity to explain that this insanity in no way interfered with his poetry.

2. As it concerns the Bollingen Foundation, we have already stated on this page that it has been proved to our satisfaction that the Foundation had nothing to do with the award beyond the donation of the prize and its own name. A more fundamental question, however, concerns the right of the Fellows to accept sums from private organizations for the purpose of making official or quasi-official awards. Government prizes do not fit in too well with democratic ideology, and the early laws of this country specifically discouraged donations to Government agencies by private individuals or organizations. Totalitarian states specialize in prizes—in order to advance desired objectives. For a democracy, however, the danger, made explicit in this case, is that a single school might use the prestige of the Government for advancing its own idiom.

3. We agree that Mr. Evans probably acted wisely in not attempting to substitute his judgment for that of the Fellows, even though he categorically disapproved the award. But that doesn't mean that the U. S. Library of Congress, as an institution, is any less responsible for any award made in its name, nor that its administrators can avoid repercussions caused by the actions of their subordinates. Nor that the award to Pound should be disregarded in any appraisal of the work or value of the Fellows. —N. C.
—H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SRL and the Party Line

SIR: I was intrigued by your review of C. E. M. Joad's book "Decadence" [*SRL* July 16]. It seems to me that Professor Joad is merely confirming the Soviet attack on degenerate "cosmopolitanism"—but from a non-Marxist point of view. If this is so, then the revolt against "meaninglessness" and "purposelessness" in art is not only some horrid Bolshevik device but, rather, a universal revolt against "dropping the object." To bring the point closer to home, the *SRL*'s admirable exposure of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound fits into the picture as another attack against "cosmopolitanism."

Could it not be possible that next year the *SRL* will join its Russian friends in the fight against bourgeois "degeneracy"?

ALLEN PEASE.

New York, N. Y.

The Pound-Eliot Controversy

SIR: The articles of Robert Hillyer on the Bollingen Award and your outspoken editorial on the subject [*SRL* July 11 and 18] were like a gust of pure air in an atmosphere of sophistry, half-truths, and downright quibbling. Neutrality in deeply moral issues is in itself execrable and a betrayal of God. Dante's Inferno is crowded with lukewarm and neutral gentry of the type.

The jury was literally obsessed by questions of formal structure and technique and disregarded entirely the basic matter of content and human value. Not once did they stumble on the problem of the source and origin of Pound's inspiration. Was it from God or Lucifer? The Devil is crafty and Pound's craft bears his unmistakable stamp. Is art becoming the refuge of the scoundrel and renegade? It was Sainte-Beuve who so magnificently said of his people, the French, that in judging a work of art they question not only whether they are moved by it, but whether they have also the right to be moved by it. That is the only permissible attitude.

JOSEPH I. CHESKIS,
Brandeis University.

Waltham, Mass.

SIR: As a professor of library science teaching book selection to prospective librarians, I find among my students some kind of blind worship for the recipients of literary prizes. To them the award of a literary prize automatically establishes the recipient as a great voice in the world of literature—and, indeed, in related and unrelated fields. When it came to discussion of the annual literary awards I found it rather easy to dispel this notion. I merely pitted the Pulitzer selections against the selections made by the literary critics in the *SRL* and *The New York Times* polls, and many of the myths surrounding literary awards were thereby exploded in the course of discussion and analysis. When it came to the press release of the Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound, however, I was so shocked that I just had to shut up. And it isn't easy for a professor to shut up. Who was I to contest this "unanimous" judgment of America's leading poets in selecting the work of one of their colleagues *in absentia*? And yet I knew a sense of shame should saturate this particular award to Pound! An effective answer, for professor and students, has come through the two excellent contributions of Robert Hillyer and the editors to this important issue.

I commend you on the kind of alertness which makes us the nation of integrity and fair play we are in the field of literary criticism.

NATHANIEL STEWART.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Only because you mention in your July 2 issue the seven-to-one ratio of favorable to unfavorable reactions to the Hillyer articles and your Bollingen Award editorial do I write this letter. I wish to stand up and be counted as a "con."

The Hillyer articles do not bother me too much because he is entitled to his opinions and the *SRL* is to be commended as always for providing a public forum for discussion of important issues, literary and human. But, frankly, it is terrifying to me to see the editorial board as a group lend its backing to the thesis that poetry (or any other art) must be first of all red, white, and blue.

All of us have our own opinions and convictions about Jew-baiting, democracy, Mussolini, psychoanalysis, expatriation, the Anglo-Catholic Church, and treason. We also have opinions and convictions about the Marshall Plan, compulsory health insurance, Russian composers, the "Negro problem," veterans hospitals, and conservation of forests.

Which of these should be considered criteria in judging poetry for an award? Henceforward must a poet hew to the social, political, and religious party line of the average American in order to have his poetry considered? It seems to me that poetry should be judged as in the past on its literary merit, not on the character or complexion of the poet.

Your editorial stand in favor of patriotic orthodoxy in the arts is far more alarming than half a dozen Bollingen Awards.

MRS. L. L. STURGIS.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I am writing to express my admiration for your bold and forthright criticism of the Bollingen Award to Ezra Pound. I was shocked when I first learned of it, and am glad that you spoke out against it because to my thinking you are in an excellent position to speak for the large majority of Americans who were perturbed by the conditions of the award and yet had no means of expressing their disapproval. I agree with you that an organization as closely connected with a Government agency as the Bollingen Fellows are with the Library of Congress has a responsibility to the American people which it flagrantly disregarded in awarding the prize to a known traitor for a book that is mostly gibberish and spiced with Fascistic slurs on humanity. I particularly applaud your brave condemnation of the practitioners of the cult of unintelligibility.

CHARLES A. MADISON,
Henry Holt & Co., Inc.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: The whole trouble is that here in the USA we still suffer from a kind of literary inferiority complex.

"It doesn't *do* anything. It doesn't teach. It doesn't build. You just have fun with it.

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I could name a dozen French and British writers who wouldn't be seriously tolerated if of the native breed. A British writer indulges in comedy and satire of a gentle, hardly noticeable sort, and literary critics roll over and play chuckling and laughing dogs. Meantime no one has yet gathered the wit and humor of Wilson Mizner into a single volume and yet in his social genius he equals Wilde and Chesterfield at their best.

You are doing fine work in this Ezra Pound affair, and I only hope that it goes on and on. There has been too much restraint. It is high time that these beings, from whom come a lot of incomprehensible vaporings, are seen as they are—literary cheats. Pound, admired by them, is their symbol. I am glad, indeed, to see that you put the whole caboodle into the same class, for if they can be inspected dispassionately, disgust will follow the self-inferiority that has too long been thrust upon us by "little" magazines and swollen little minds.

JOHN WILSTACH.

Rhinebeck, N. Y.

Wyndham Lewis Comments

SIR: I write to thank you for two copies of the May 21 *SRL*, in which my article "The Case Against Roots" appeared. The book "Cosmic Man," from which this article was excerpted, had the worst reception any book of mine has ever received in England. I do not anticipate a very good one for it in the U. S. The "melting pot" is not a favorite utensil of the American majority. No one wants to be "cosmic." They would far rather commit mass suicide.

WYNDHAM LEWIS.

London, Eng.

J. S. Mill on Freedom of Speech

SIR: One of the most significant passages in the excerpt from John Stuart Mill [*SRL* June 25] is his assertion that the principle of freedom of speech is valid even when "pushed to an extreme." This passage should be paralleled by one of different tenor later in the treatise: "No one pretends that actions should be as free as opinions. On the contrary, even opinions lose their immunity when the circumstances in which they are expressed is such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act." He here admits that there are occasions when certain opinions should not be allowed a statement. By implication he also accedes to the view that there are some opinions which should never be voiced. His is not the blind adherence to the principle of freedom of speech that would commit one to demand it for a salesman peddling dope to adolescents.

In the long run of years, generations, centuries, only ideas can triumph over ideas—but the process can be expedited by intelligent use of something more potent than counter-assertion. To know when and where to apply that something requires sensible discrimination. Thus, for example, we should differentiate between Communism mouthed incoherently from a soap box, Communism lauded in a political campaign by a Communist candidate, Communism expounded and analyzed with scientific impartiality, Communism taught ingratiatingly to the young, and Communism fortifying itself in key positions of labor and government.

Just at present, expediency as well as idealism does not sanction the prohibiting of all of these; but not to prohibit or regulate some of them is evidence of a fanatical devotion to principle, the overdoing of a good thing.

WALTER L. MYERS.

Hollywood, Calif.

Homosexual Minority

SIR: Your correspondent Mr. Lambert Fairchild, who has never met a homosexual "who wasn't positively vainglorious over the practice," would seem not to know very much about the subject. For every homosexual who can easily be spotted by the aver-

age person, every invert knows at least half a dozen more whom only he can detect.

Mr. Fairchild, like every average person, knows too much of the extreme homosexuals and next to nothing of the greater mass of them who are very much like other people, apart from their basic sexual drive. The conservative ones do *not* restrain themselves because their "livelihood would be jeopardized," but because no normal person with the normal amount of sensitivity could help but dread the consequences of being found out. When that happens the hand of every decent person, with only a few exceptions, is against you. Apart from your drive towards individuals of your own sex, you may be an essentially decent and clean-minded person with a sincere desire to help your fellow man, or a person with a unique cultural or intellectual contribution to make to humanity.

It does not matter. At the best you will only be tolerated, and what you are will always be against you as something to be mentioned in tones of mild bawdry or condemnation, as with Leonardo Da Vinci and Walt Whitman. At the worst you may be prosecuted by the law, subjected to imprisonment, and repudiated by all those closest and dearest to you, including your own family and parents, as something not quite human.

LEONARD BROWN.

San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: Mr. Curtler's defense against the unjust letter of Mr. Fairchild in the recent correspondence [*SRL* July 9] on the homosexual minority was justified by the remarks Mr. Fairchild made. But however limited Mr. Fairchild's experiences are in the subject, there is no doubt that what he wrongly holds against all deviants *can* rightly be held against some.

The letter by Vernon Albert Ward, Jr., accompanying the defense was written in just the vein that Mr. Fairchild deplores. The unsigned letter with it, from N. S. A., gives an admirable example of the homosexual individual who is neither an exhibitionist, a sensationalist, nor a hypocrite, but one of the countless courageous souls who seek to live as best they can in a sometimes very unjust society. Hesitancy, virtue, fear, social awareness, honesty, and devotion are often their characteristics—they strive manfully to live unobtrusive as well as useful lives in their communities. We ought to know *them* by name, rather than insistent loudmouths such as Vernon Albert Ward, Jr.

For my part, I know several such worthy individuals, whose friendship and intellectual abilities and talents are greatly treasured. N. S. A. has my sympathies, for I can understand his difficulties, but I cannot say the same for those who wear their deviation as a badge of special merit.

ROBERT L. BRETZ.

New York, N. Y.

Abusive Editors

SIR: At present I know of no magazine editors as abusive and insulting to their readers as Norman Cousins and John Mason Brown. I refer to their articles on "Oliver Twist" [*SRL* March 12 and May 28]. It might sound very democratic of Mr. Cousins to say that "Mr. Rank's right to produce is no less absolute than the offended party's right to protest," but it is an insult to ask the readers of *SRL* to believe that the power of the offended party's protest is equal to the organized dissemination of ideas. And with the newspapers serving us up a daily diet of indecency in all of its crude variety, and statistics indicating an average intelligence barely beyond lunacy, Mr. Brown would have us believe that when it comes to moviegoing we all suddenly become decent and intelligent. Mr. Brown has not convinced me that the offended parties, including social workers and professional psychologists of my acquaintance are "morons" or that they are "suffering from hallucinations or a persecution mania."

BEN HENRY JONES.

Newark, N. J.

Museum of Modern Art

SIR: I would like to commend you on the excellent review of Alfred Barr's "Painting and Sculpture in the Museum of Modern Art," by Perry Rathbone [*SRL* June 18]. I was par-

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ticularly glad that someone of the stature of Mr. Rathbone, who is himself a director of an important museum, has come out against the Museum of Modern Art's unsubstantiated claim of "balance."

ALLAN ROSS MACDOUGALL.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Perry Rathbone attempts to survey the significance of the Museum of Modern Art's collection in the terms of its emphasis on various surrealist painters. What Mr. Rathbone and Mr. Barr have both neglected to understand is the importance of representative or abstract art in the creative work being done today; they have not overlooked a certain devotion for concrete work, but the claims for "balance" are certainly lost in the madly vulgar work of the surrealists which the Museum supports on the grounds of "catholicity and tolerance."

WARD JACKSON.

Richmond, Va.

Card-bearing Communist

SIR: A friend of mine has recently become a Communist, that is, a card-bearing member of the Communist Party. A college man, he is quite mature, but yet impressionable and idealistic. He has few illusions about the patriotic vigor of his fellow classmates and teachers. He had hoped that what he learns in college might prove to be of inestimable value to him.

My friend was recruited into the Communist Party by one of his professors, a man who speaks eloquently to his students and each as his equal. He tells me that the professor seems honest and undogmatic, genuinely interested in his students.

But my friend is somewhat troubled over the elaborately enumerated conflicts between the goals of Russian Communism and Western democracy. He has attended several Communist Party meetings at which he has increasingly recognized the need for dedication and discipline.

Since my friend's conversion to Communism, both he and I have noticed a growing fissure between the extent of his and my application to the needs and ideals of life. He once told me that revolution is the only valid means toward the achievement of permanent progress. I believe that the only thing that can save him is the subversion of minority discriminations and the ascendancy of justice.

WILLIAM B. BOQUIST.

Chicago, Ill.

Complaint Department

SIR: Why can't we have a better index in the *SRL*? Why can't they always be like the one in the Fall Book Number of October 11, 1947? I had to look something up in that issue recently, and was it ever easy! Usually your index is in one narrow column, a terrible strain on eyes and patience. Try it yourself!

Whatever became of those clever Holt advertisements?

REV. NIELS NIELSEN.

Fresno, Calif.

NEW EDITIONS

THE judges who crowned Ezra Pound's somewhat tarnished brow with the Bollingen laurels said that they did so for the sake of "The Pisan Cantos"—because they considered it "the highest achievement of American poetry in 1948"—but we can be fairly sure that the eminent perpetrators of this extraordinary act made their award with Pound's whole career in mind and with the idea, however misguided, that they should honor an old storm-trooper of poetry's advance guard, whose reputation, at least among the knowing, was won long ago. Less enlightened readers, who are still in the dark as to how and why Pound rose to his revered position, may study the foundations of that reputation in "Personae" (*New Directions*, $3.50), in which the poems of the pre-Cantos Pound are now collected.

Here are his imitations and paraphrases of Provençal singers, echoes of Villon and adaptations from Heine, epigrammatic pickings from Greek and parody-pilferings from Latin, poems from the Chinese, a version of the Anglo-Saxon "Seafarer," borrowings from French and Italian, Imagiste gems, versified blasts against the bourgeois world, quips and cranks and wanton nose-thumbings, and a large batch of clever satirical verse—from some of which young T. S. Eliot once took his cues. Here, in short, is Ezra the versatile, strutting his stuff. And a good deal of it made amusing, exciting reading when we first met up with it between 1910 and 1926. Some of it still does.

Whatever we may think of Pound's case, however indignant we may be at his treason, or however infuriated by his writings, we must admit that it is a sad case; and I think there was enough talent and artistic virtue in the man to make it fair, even, to call it tragic. From the first he was a split and driven soul. There was no nourishment for him in his native soil and in exile he did not find happiness. (During the 1920's he was busy writing vituperative letters to American editors, accusing them of imbecility because they lacked the sense to recall Ezra the Great from Europe and pelt him with American dollars.) Whenever he strikes the note of exile—as he does in "Cathay" and other poems—there is real emotion in his writing, and he conveys emotion. His flight from his native land was matched by his flight from his native language. English did not satisfy him: it was too limited for Ezra. So he rode off simultaneously into the vocabularies of a dozen tongues, returning with much verbal loot and at least a nodding acquaintance with numerous alien grammars. Instead of working to use English to the best of his ability, he decked his verse with borrowed plumes from French, Provençal, Latin, Greek, Spanish, Italian, etc. Instead of disciplining himself to say what he had to say in his own words, he relied increasingly on reading and note-taking. He found it more congenial to play at being a troubadour or Villon or an eighteenth-century Chinese than to be himself. "Personae"—that was his perfect title; his yearning was always for another mask. More and more, as the years went by, his art became a magpie's art; and he stuffed the bulging bag of his Cantos with "Ideas, old gossip, oddments of all things, Strange spars of knowledge and dimmed wares of price." His poetic career was a progressive disintegration of language, ideas, and values—a process nearly complete in the work crowned by the learned Bollingen judges. But he did hunger after beauty, even if a perverse nature sometimes made him mock and sneer when he caught up with it. He did possess eloquence and verve and wit—and nerve. And he encouraged young poets to claim liberties that some of them have used to better advantage than he used his own. His central tragedy, I think, was that he was nowhere and never at home. Not even with himself.

Bertrand Russell's "The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism" (Macmillan, $2.25) is still, after thirty years, a shrewd, sound analysis of Communism in action . . . In "Goethe on Nature and Science" (Cambridge, 75¢) Sir Charles Sherrington politely but firmly shows that Goethe was wasting his time when he played at being a scientist . . . New Modern Library titles ($1.25 each) are "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility" (in one volume), and "The Confessions of St. Augustine."

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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Americana. *A fortnight ago, in presenting a review of Harlan Hatcher's "The Western Reserve," we observed that during the past decade the "literary" type of writer has turned increasingly to America's regions for his themes. Meanwhile the historian, who has been devoted to the region for at least twice as long, has continued his seemingly endless task of piling up data and subjecting it to analysis. Ray Bollington's "Westward Expansion," for example, ably carries on the tradition of Frederick Jackson Turner by reexamining the American frontier. Wesley Frank Craven's "The Southern Colonies in the Seventeenth Century" inaugurates a new series about the most self-conscious section of USA. However, although we usually think of the South when we speak of tobacco, as Joseph C. Roberts points out in his "Story of Tobacco in America," it is a crop and an industry that transcends regions.*

Roots of the Weed

THE STORY OF TOBACCO IN AMERICA. By Joseph C. Robert. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 296 pp. $5.

By KENNETH WIGGINS PORTER

TOBACCO, even more than Indian corn, chewing gum, and the movies, is an important American contribution to world culture. Its story, appropriately enough, is here presented by a professor of Duke University, endowed by the founder of the American Tobacco Company and located at Durham, N. C., birthplace of the famous Bull.

Professor Robert deals with the weed's history from its introduction by John Rolfe as Virginia's economic savior to its present position as "big business." He describes the changing types, methods of cultivation, preparation, transportation, marketing, and various companies. He includes reflections on the chant which introduces the Jack Benny program. The migration of some types of tobacco culture from the James and Chesapeake to the Connecticut Valley and Wisconsin is a subject on which information would have been welcome.

The labor aspects are not neglected: the influence of tobacco on the introduction and development of Negro slavery, the peculiarly liberal and flexible type of slavery which developed in Virginia tobacco factories and suggests the "peculiar institution's" adaptability to an industrial society, and the particularly foul sweatshop conditions of cigar-making in New York tenements which stimulated the rise of the American Federation of Labor.

Tobacco in political and agrarian movements, from Bacon's Rebellion through the American Revolution to the Kentucky Black Patch War, presents some dramatic episodes—and has, by the way, furnished literary material for novelists from Mary E. Wilkins Freeman to Robert Penn Warren.

Particularly entertaining is the treatment of the social aspects: the successive predominance of the pipe, the plug—eventually joined by the cigar—, and the cigarette; the degradation of aristocratic snuff-taking to a form of tobacco-chewing; and the rise of the tobacco habit among women—though we are spared Amy Lowell's cigars. Picturesque trade-names, particularly of plug-tobacco, are stressed, but snuff, I feel, is neglected; an Alabama crossroads store adorned with advertisements of Banjo, Rooster, etc., would have been a fitting illustration.

Although a former vice president of the Kansas Anti-Tobacco Association, I picked up some new ideas from Professor Robert's book. Opposition to tobacco as a part of early nineteenth-century humanitarian reform is instructively treated, though more might be done with sectarian hostility among evangelical Protestants—and such offshoots as Latter Day Saints and Christian Scientists. The Puritans, as the author indicates, had not been particularly puritanical; otherwise even Captain John Underhill would hardly have claimed to have received assurance of salvation while "taking a pipe of that comfortable creature tobacco." How popular, I wonder, was the poem "Smoking Spiritualized" with its refrain "So think, and smoke tobacco," in which the weed is treated as an aid to religious meditation and which I have found in old Presbyterian libraries cheek-by-jowl with Catechisms and "The Alarm to the Unconverted"?

Substantial economic and scientific material is delightfully flavored with the information that the horror-inspiring talonous backwoods thumbnails were actually employed for tobacco-topping, not eye-gouging (not for both?), that Libby Prison was a tobacco warehouse, and that Gilbert Stuart was born in a snuff-mill.

Bibliographical notes extend the work's usefulness. Professor Robert here helps to refute the base canard that a Ph.D. and membership in a history department are incompatible with the presentation of an important and somewhat complicated subject in a fashion both clear and entertaining.

—*The Bettmann Archive.*

"Bringing Tobacco to Market" [circa 1830].

Kenneth Wiggins Porter, formerly member of the history department of Vassar College, is now a senior associate of the Business History Foundation. He is the author of several works on economic history, including a biography of John Jacob Astor.

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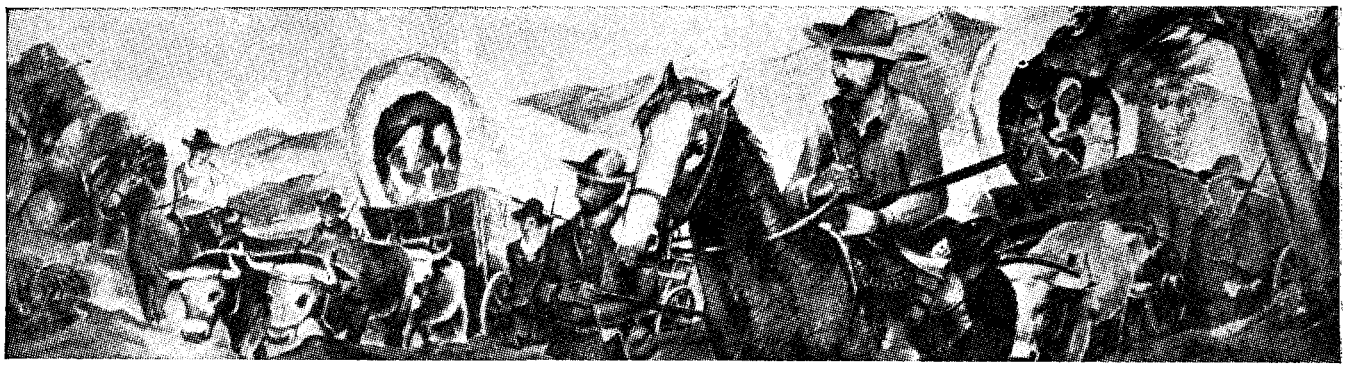

"Moving West," by W. Vladimir Rouseff.

Pioneers to the Pacific

WESTWARD EXPANSION: A History of the American Frontier. By Ray Allen Billington. New York: The Macmillan Co. 873 pp. $8.50.

By JOHN D. HICKS

THIS book recounts the conquest of continental United States by an army of pioneers. The first successful landing craft reached the Atlantic Seaboard early in the seventeenth century. One after another the important ports of entry were occupied—Plymouth, Jamestown, Boston, New Haven, Charles-Town, Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia. Soon the seacoast and the river banks below the waterfalls were taken, then the land between the rivers; then, by heroic effort, the land above the waterfalls, the Piedmont, and the valleys of the Appalachians. These operations took nearly a century and a half, but by this time the invasion had really begun to roll. The great Mississippi Valley was accounted for in less than half that time, and even the fastnesses of the Rockies held out only a few decades longer. Well before the opening of the century the job was done.

The story of this magnificent operation Professor Billington relates with copious detail. It has been long studied by many historians, and his principal task has been that of synthesis. But he has done this better than any of his predecessors, as naturally he should, for he has had the advantage of all their preliminary efforts. He cuts for himself a generous pattern, one that quite properly includes the whole of the Colonia period, with due attention to Spanish, Dutch, and French activities, and to the struggle among the various European invaders for supremacy in the New World. He understands, far better than some who have tackled the subject, the nature of the frontier advance. There have been, he points out, a series of "westward-migrating zones," normally each following hard on the heels of the other (although sometimes they get quite out of sequence), the fur-traders," and the "urban pioneers" or ever conditions were favorable," the pioneer farmers, the "equipped farmers," and the "urban pioneers," or townsmen. In pointing out that the frontier towns and villages differed markedly from the towns and villages of the East, and were in fact a part of the frontier advance, Billington has come close to making a distinct contribution of his own.

As a highly respected historian, Billington is of course not content merely with the role of raconteur. He believes, with Frederick Jackson Turner, who was the first among historians to attach great significance to frontier history, that "no one force did more to 'Americanize' the nation's people and institutions than the repeated rebirth of civilization along the Western edge of settlement during the three centuries required to occupy the continent." As far back as the 1890's, Turner had begun his revolt against the theory that American society had evolved from European "germ cells"; in that way, he said, one might possibly explain the *similarities* between European and American society, but the *differences* were far more important and exciting. The unique American environment must not be overlooked. On each successive frontier Americans were obliged to start all over again, matching their experience with the new conditions that confronted them. From this new experience they picked up habits of thought and action that helped determine the American character for many years to come, such, for example, as their belief in individual freedom, their acceptance of democracy, their satisfaction in conquest, their loyalty to the nation that did so much for them, and their incorrigible optimism. Furthermore, the variety and complexity of their experiences on so vast a continent worked inevitably towards sectionalism. The United States is a "nation of nations," less because of the various breeds of people who crossed the Atlantic than because of the differing sectional cultures that evolved out of the contrasting environments.

For all except the bitter-enders this book should do much to reconcile the conflict that has long been joined between "Turnerians" and "Anti-Turnerians." Billington cheerfully admits that Turner's "basic doctrine" has been much modified by recent criticism. He deplores the overstatements of some of Turner's too-enthusiastic disciples. He concedes that "the westward-moving 'area of free land'" is not alone sufficient to explain American development, but must be supplemented by the "persistence of inherited European traits, the continuous impact of changing world conditions and the influence of varying racial groups." Even so, he believes that "the most carping critic will agree that the unusual environment, and the continuous rebirth of society in the Western wilderness, endowed the American people and their institutions with characteristics not shared by the rest of the world." This is a fair statement, and worthy of good report.

The book has many excellent features. Billington writes well, at times almost as well as Turner, whose style has greatly influenced him. It is abundantly illustrated with maps which, although uncolored, tell the tale they are meant to tell. Its first and last chapters on "The Frontier Hypothesis" and "The Frontier Heritage" summarize admirably their respective subjects and could easily stand alone. Most amazing of all, it includes a seventy-five-page, double-column, fine-print bibliographical section, which comments upon nearly every book or article of note on frontier history from beginning to end.

John D. Hicks, professor of history at the University of California, is author of "The Populist Revolt," "The American Nation," and other volumes.

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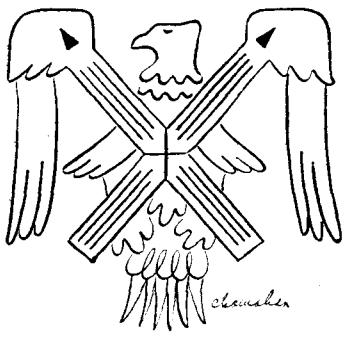
Land of Cavaliers & Indentured Servants

THE SOUTHERN COLONIES IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY, 1607-1689. By Wesley Frank Craven. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 451 pp. $6.

By CLEMENT EATON



TOBACCO flourished perversely in the soil of the Chesapeake Bay country, while the more useful plants for a self-sufficing British Empire withered or were killed by nipping frosts. In this excellent volume Professor Craven has described the efforts of the Virginia Company, the colonial legislature, and the British Government to divert the Virginians from specializing in a crop that produced only unsubstantial smoke and to turn their energies to silk culture, wine making, raising ginger, olives, citrus fruits, sugar cane, and woad, and to developing iron furnaces and manufactories for glass beads. These endeavors to establish a planned economy in the Southern colonies failed, owing partly to the fact that it required capital and skill to experiment with the diversification of industry and also to the fact that the King was unwilling to assume any of the financial burdens of colonization. Accordingly, tobacco, the bane of the moralists but the poor man's luxury, triumphed as the money crop of Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina, and the economic pattern of that region was fixed for years to come.

This first volume in the cooperative "History of the South," published by Louisiana State University, is rich in presenting the institutional and governmental development of the Southern colonies. The author's starting point is a narration of the vicissitudes of the commercial Virginia Company, which managed to obtain capital during the period from 1606 to 1624 to plant feeble settlements in Virginia against terrific difficulties but finally lost its charter and all of its investment. Out of this commercial company arose the principles of representative government in Virginia, which Professor Craven has so carefully traced. One of the most valuable aspects of his work is the analysis of the growth of the aristocratic county system in Virginia and Maryland, which has had an enduring effect on Southern history. Local government, as well as the growth of the Anglican religion in the Southern colonies, characterized by the extensive power of the vestry, represented, according to this study, a sensible compromise between retaining old English institutions and improvising new institutions to satisfy a frontier environment.

The point of view of this volume is that of the imperial school of historians. Professor Craven's previous studies in the history of Bermuda enable him to write more intelligently and with a greater breadth of scholarship than many of the older historians exhibited. He has avoided, however, going overboard for the imperial point of view, which has recently dominated the rewriting of the colonial period of our history. Indeed, his work illustrates how a profound knowledge of a period generates tolerance; in discussing the religious mores of colonials, he advises his readers not to be intolerant of the intolerances of our ancestors. When we read the chapters on the religious struggles in Maryland and Virginia during the seventeenth century, we realize that religion in America today is no longer a fiery furnace. Throughout this study the author writes with a careful regard for evidence, with a judicious temper, and with numerous qualifying phrases, which produce good history but often do not make dramatic reading.

The geographical emphasis of this history is rightly placed on Virginia, a noteworthy example of detachment in "one born and reared in North Carolina." Professor Craven accepts the Wertenbaker thesis of the social structure of that colony in the seventeenth century, based on the small tobacco farm and on a labor force largely of indentured servants. He rules out any "Cavalier exodus" from England to Virginia and Maryland. It is probable, however, that the debunking of the Cavalier myth, valuable for its day, has gone too far and that a closer study of the immigrants who did not come over as indentured servants, as well as an investigation of the localities in England from which the Southern colonists emigrated, may modify current views.

In discussing other colonies than Virginia, the author includes a chapter on Spain's role in the discovery of the Southern route to America used by the English colonists and in the introduction of European plants and animals and of Negro slavery into the New World. Carolina was notable for its West Indian and Virginia origins and for its neglect by the noble proprietors, who were chiefly interested in profits. Occasionally the pages of this history are illuminated by vignettes of colorful personalities such as the elder and the younger Richard Hakluyt, who had an important influence on colonization, and the relatively unknown planter Captain George Thorpe, who tried to introduce elements of humanity into Indian relations, but, ironically, who was killed in the great Indian massacre of 1622. Alcoholics Anonymous will shudder to learn that he was the person who first discovered a process of distilling good whiskey from the native corn. This volume closes with the eve of a great change in the Southern colonies, the transformation that followed the supplanting of white servants with Negro slaves and the rise of large plantations and a homegrown aristocracy.

Clement Eaton, professor of history at the University of Kentucky, is author of "A History of the Old South," to be published shortly.

STAGE

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RALPH BELLAMY in
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Mercy

By Fern Maddox

YOUR poisonous tongue
Drips with an acme
Of frustrated love
So that you see nowhere
Truly.

Your darting eyes
Singe the decency of honest workers
With healthy desires
So that you see everywhere
Obscenely.

May I be granted mercy
For not having killed you!

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The Film Forum

FREE FOR ALL

***The Saturday Review*'s Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Each of these films is available free of charge, except for transportation costs. The brief reviews look these gift horses right in the mouth to give you some idea what to expect from them.*

SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE RED

Produced by Agrafilms, Inc., for the W. K. Kellogg Foundation, Battle Creek, Mich. Available from your own State Department of Education. (42 min., color)

First of all, this is certainly one of the best commercially-sponsored American films to date, and it is noteworthy that, coincidentally, there isn't one moment of advertising or promotion in the entire four reels. "Schoolhouse in the Red" is about rural public education problems. Specifically, it tells the story of the old-fashioned, one-room Miller School, its twelve pupils, its one teacher, and its ten-minute lesson-hearing periods for each subject and grade. The school is dirty and dilapidated, and the problem is what should the community do about it? The parents want to do whatever is best for the children, but what is best? Well, they might raise money to rebuild the school, but they aren't convinced that this is the solution. Or they might join up with the nearby town and send their children to a school where they will have better educational and recreational facilities.

The county superintendent is called into a meeting of the parents, and they decide to pay a visit to the new town school. The improved classrooms, new teaching techniques, library, gym, workshops, and laboratories look mighty fine. But not all the parents are convinced.

The educational advances which the new school offers reflect the change and growth of the modern world and its way of living and working, the film says. If we want to avoid being the victims of change, then we must be its leaders. For indecision will not stop the change. The film leaves the parents voting on what should be done about the school. And however it comes out, the commentary states, it will be what they want.

It is hard to imagine any way in which this film might have taken a more mature approach to its subject. Every scene invites and encourages the best possible thinking on the part of the audiences who see it. Naturally it is intended primarily for groups having a similar problem, but there are many other educational situations in which the film will serve well.

The non-professional cast does a first-rate acting job, and nearly everyone is pleasingly photogenic. But perhaps best of all is the way in which the film demonstrates a basic faith in the democratic way of doing things—all the more convincing because it is unperturbed and consistent.

The story, incidentally, was written by Jarvis Couillard, who also wrote "Prejudice" [*SRL* May 28, 1949].

THE WALKING MACHINE

Produced and directed by Paul Falkenberg for the American Foot Care Institute, 1775 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. Available from your own State Department of Health. (14 min.)

The greatest transportation system of all—our feet—is the subject of this amusing and informative film. Nearly everyone is born with healthy feet, yet one out of three adults—and they are mostly women—complain that their feet hurt. The film gives some pointers on foot care, exercise, medical treatment, and the selection and fitting of shoes. Except for a few shots of highly diseased feet (half a minute at most), I can think of no reason why everyone shouldn't enjoy it.

SPRINGTIME IN HOLLAND

Produced by D. P. M. Productions for the Associated Bulb Growers of Holland, 41 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. (20 min., color)

Colorful panoramic shots of field after field of crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips make up most of this film. There is also some information on their raising and hybridization, scenes of a gay flower festival, and miscellaneous bits of Dutch landscape. The film ends by urging Americans to buy Dutch bulbs for their own gardens.

—CECILE STARR.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

STAGE

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DON'T MISS SRL's
25th ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
AUGUST 6

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The War. *The "now-it-can-be-told" books about World War II—already numerous enough to fill several shelves—appeal primarily to two types of readers: the veteran who had personal association with the service or the campaign treated in the book, and the amateur or professional student of the war anxious to fit every newly disclosed piece into the whole mosaic. This week's new books should gratify both types. Oliver La Farge's "The Eagle in the Sky" is a beautifully written account of the work of the ATC, the branch of the Air Force charged with supplying our armies by air. Marc Bloch's "Strange Defeat" is the report of a perceptive eyewitness on the Germans' 1940 successes. Russell Grenfell's "Bismarck Episode" is an eye-opening account of the havoc the German battleship played with the British Navy.*

ATC, Wonderbird

THE EAGLE IN THE EGG. By Oliver La Farge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 320 pp. $3.50.

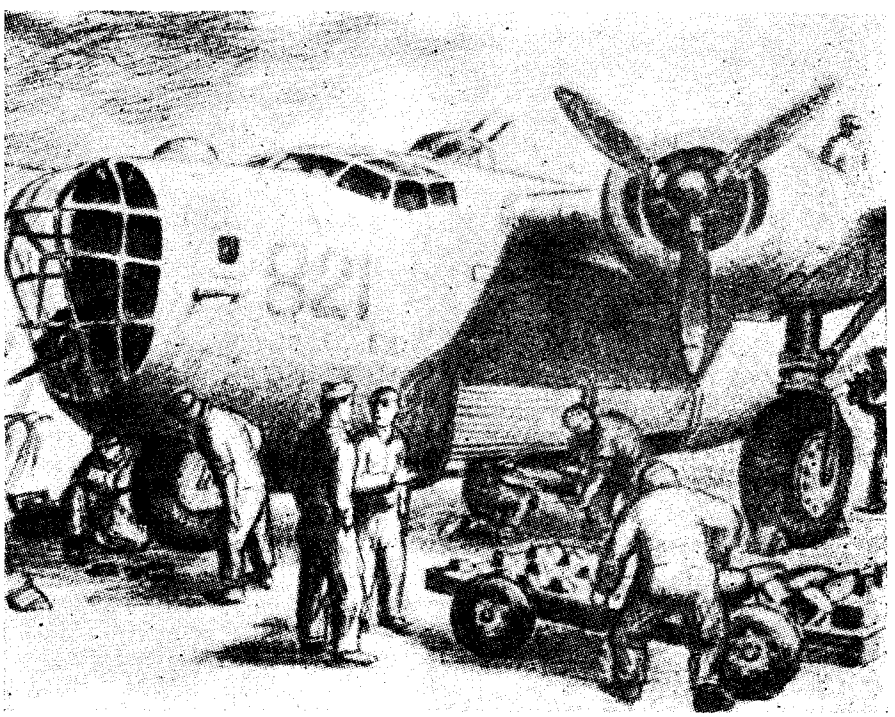
By St. Clair McKelway

UNTIL I read this book, I had always felt that the best comment on the wonders of the Air Transport Command was made by a corporal. He made it a long, long time ago, on a certain afternoon in February 1943, when I was a brand new, middle-aged captain. I was, at that time, suffering from chronic airsickness and also from acute bewilderment at finding myself sitting on the weirdly uncomfortable seats of a C-47 transport airplane some 5,000 feet above the pyramids of Egypt. I was going out to the northernmost corner of Eastern India to join the headquarters staff of the India-China Wing of the Air Transport Command and so were most of the other officers and men on that crowded C-47. The corporal, who was sitting next to me, looked out and down at the pyramids below and asked, "What the friggin hell are those things?" I explained that they were the famous pyramids of Egypt. He looked at them again, briefly, and with a kind of global shrug of his shoulders, said, "What next!"

In this book he has written, La Farge (a brand new captain himself in 1943 now a lieutenant colonel of the Air Force Reserve) has put down the entire, almost unbelievable story of the development of the Air Transport Command from nothing to what it is today. As the officer in charge of the Historical Division of the Command, La Farge watched the thing grow, and also rode many thousands of miles on bucket seats, visiting the worldwide Wings and talking to the commanders and their men. A first-class writer before he became a first-class officer, La Farge has written the story lovingly, but with artistic detachment, and the result is not only an accurate history but also a very moving and significant piece of prose. It was not so long ago that the Air Transport Command, in addition to all it had done during the war, changed the course of the peace by carrying out the astounding operation known as the Berlin Air Lift. Now, in this book, one can find out how it happened that such an operation was possible. If it hadn't been for the Air Transport Command's wartime miracles, our Acting Secretary of State, Robert A. Lovett, might easily have been stuck for an answer when the Russians blockaded Berlin. It happened, however, that Mr. Lovett had been a pilot in World War I and had been Under-Secretary of War for Air during World War II. He knew all about what the Air Transport Command and its men could do and the answer he made to the Russians is, as the saying goes, history.

La Farge's book is not, in any sense, one of those "official histories" of a wartime outfit, however. He had at his fingertips hundreds of thousands of words of official documents and he had his own notes on what hundreds of men of the Command had told him, but, when he sat down to do this book, he also had a point of view, a fine talent, and integrity. He understands the significance of what is called strategic air transport—the ability to put down, at any selected place in the world, a practically unlimited number of men and machines and equipment and food, at almost any moment they are required. He knows how the world has been made smaller by strategic air transport and also how it could, by the same means, be made an unfit place to live in. The nature of this impressive eagle that came out of the egg is worth a lot of serious thought. The food for such thought is here and, along with it, are many hair-raising stories, a vast catalogue of air adventure, and a heroes' gallery of some wonderful men of all sizes and grades and ranks. The comment of my corporal is still as pertinent as it is succinct. La Farge exclaims, "What next!," as the corporal did, in the following manner:

> Aviation, world-encircling, war. Therefore, out of its parentage, it bears upon it the marks of



"Ground Crew," by Jacob Glushakow, USAF.

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the birds of prey. Like it or not, expensively and fearfully, we are forced to keep this weapon ready and even to improve upon it. It is the emblem and insignia of man's world-shadowing aviation, has come into being as the creature of internal failure before God, which, upon pain of death, we must wear until either we destroy ourselves with it, or we break out of our own self-created littlenesses.

St. Clair McKelway has been an editor and staff writer for The New Yorker *for the past fifteen years. During World War II he served with the Air Force and is now a lieutenant colonel (inactive).*

1940 German Victory

STRANGE DEFEAT. By Marc Bloch. New York: Oxford University Press. 178 pp. $3.50.

By Henry C. Wolfe

THIS volume, which deals with the 1940 German victory on the Western front, is an important book. It is both an eye-witness account and an analysis of the causes that contributed to Allied defeat. It goes into the spiritual, moral, psychological, educational, economic, and military factors that combined to prepare the way for the tragic failure of Western arms. The reader, however, may well find the introduction and the foreword, both about the author, the most fascinating parts of the book.

Marc Bloch was a professor of history at the Sorbonne and a scholar whose work was known beyond his native land. A combat veteran decorated four times in World War I, he was fifty-three and the father of six children when he reentered military service in 1939. He served as a captain in the French forces in Northern France and Belgium, was evacuated from Dunkirk, returned from England to Normandy and was at Rennes when the Nazis triumphed. But for so ardent a patriot the war was not over; it was merely entering another phase. As "Narbonne" in the Resistance forces, Professor Bloch served his country in a third struggle against the invader.

> When at some street corner [Georges Altman writes in the foreword] I saw Marc Bloch, his coat collar turned up against the cold, his walking-stick in his hand, "passing" mysterious and compromising scraps of paper to young men in trappers' coats or pullovers, as calmly as though he were handing back their essays to a lot of competitors in an examination, I used to tell myself—as I still do—that nobody who had not lived through those days could have the slightest idea what exaltation could be found in the secret civilian Resistance in France.

In the end Marc Bloch was caught by the Gestapo, beaten, tortured, and shot. He died in 1944, ten days after the Allied landings on the Normandy beaches. His book had been written almost four years earlier in the first terrible, paralyzing days of German victory. Because of its wisdom, its critical penetration, and its broad historical perspective, the message of "Strange Defeat" should be pondered not only by Frenchmen but by men of every country in the free world.

It is possible to do no more than point out some of the salient features of Professor Bloch's message. For one thing he discusses the bureaucracy that beset the French military establishment, the tendency to hold back younger and talented officers, the refusal to learn history's lessons. "Our war, up to the very end, was a war of old men, or of theorists who bogged down in errors engendered by the faulty teaching of history. It was saturated by the smell of decay rising from the Staff College, the offices of a peacetime General Staff, and the barrack-square."

There is a lesson for today's Western world in the author's description of the lack of cooperation between British and French. Wartime censorship hid this. Poor liaison, distrust, and downright selfishness in certain high places played a part in Hitler's surprising victory in the West. This is no attack on the British. The author writes without rancor, merely criticizing a system, or perhaps the lack of a system.

As a patriotic Frenchman, Mr. Bloch bears down pretty hard on himself and his fellow countrymen. "The generation to which I belong has a bad conscience. . . ." The reviewer feels that this statement does not apply to any one country; it applies to the whole free world. To keep the ledger in balance, let us remember that it was the French who wanted to settle matters with Hitler in the spring of 1936, when the Nazis occupied the Rhineland. The other Western democracies opposed such a move. Three years later the Germans were ready for war. We were not. The events of early 1936 help explain many of the otherwise inexplicable events of 1939 and 1940.

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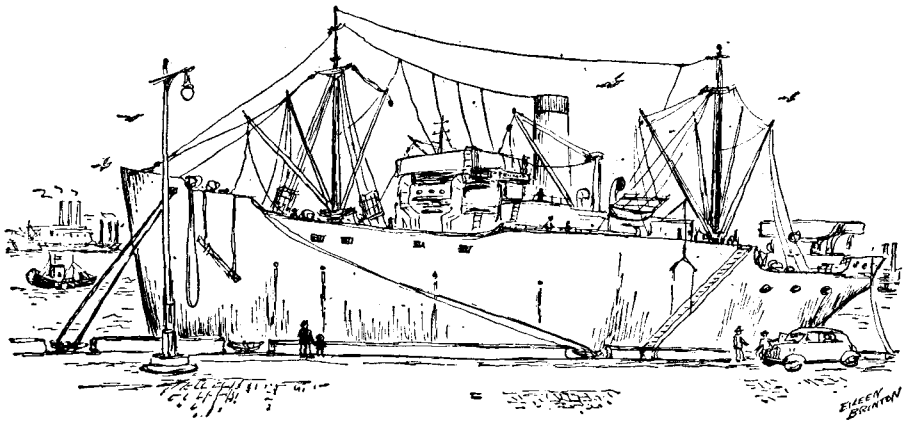
Nazi Sea Giant in the Atlantic



THE BISMARCK EPISODE. By Russell Grenfell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 219 pp. $3.

By FLETCHER PRATT

ON MAY 22, 1941, the German battleship *Bismarck* nosed out of Bergenfjord into the Atlantic under cover of thick weather. She was accompanied by the heavy cruiser *Prinz Eugen*. The question before H.M. Admiralty was whether the two ships meant to reach the supply routes of open ocean via Denmark Strait, between Iceland and Greenland, or the gap between Iceland and the Faeroes, or that between the Faeroes and Scotland. The weather was too dirty for air recon, but scouting dispositions were taken up to cover all these eventualities. On May 24 the Nazi vessels were located in Denmark Strait and attacked by a squadron consisting of the battle-cruiser *Hood,* largest warship in the world, the battleship *Prince of Wales,* and two heavy cruisers.

After a few minutes of action *Hood* blew up; after a few more minutes *Prince of Wales* turned away, so much damaged as no longer to be an effective ship. The two cruisers continued to trail the Germans at some distance, while reinforcements were rushed to the area. Toward dawn of May 25 *Bismarck* and *Prinz Eugen* slipped their pursuers and the latter was not seen again till she rested safe in Brest harbor. On the morning of May 26 a plane of the Coastal Command found the battleship again, and that evening an air strike from the carrier *Ark Royal,* which had come rushing all the way from the Mediterranean, got a torpedo into her rudder. During the night *Bismarck* was attacked by destroyers, and in the morning by the battleships *Rodney* and *King George V,* which gradually pounded her to pieces. The House of Commons received the news with cheers.

Thus far the publicly known story, which in the book before us has been turned into a three-dimensional picture, with all the missing details supplied. We learn here for the first time that something over half the Royal Navy was engaged in the hunt that *Prince of Wales* suffered from agonizing turret breakdowns; that, even so, the German giant would have made a clean escape or destroyed a couple of valuable convoys but for a hit from *Prince of Wales* which smashed a fuel tank; that *Ark Royal*'s first strike was delivered against a British cruiser (which the torpedo planes luckily missed); that the night attacks of the destroyers were beaten off without damage to the formidable German ship.

So it is a good example of a now-it-can-be-told book. It is also a fine piece of naval narrative, sweeping from suspense after suspense to the climax in a manner a detective-story writer might well envy. The story is maddeningly complex, with the simultaneous movements of ships and aircraft all over the Atlantic to be traced, not to mention the councils in Whitehall. But Captain Grenfell has succeeded in keeping his readers aware of everything at once, without ever slowing the rush of his prose—a feat that may be compared to riding four white horses standing up.

Yet when all's said and done, when one has finished reading for its sheer swing one of the best historical books the war has produced, it is the larger issue that commands attention. The fact emerges that even in 1941 the British Navy was not ready for the kind of war represented by the *Bismarck* raid. *Hood*'s deficiencies in armor protection had been known for years; the Admiralty could never find the time or money to make them good. The turret breakdowns of *King George V* and *Prince of Wales* were attributed by their officers to the "teething troubles" of new ships, but Captain Grenfell justly remarks that they were really due to faulty design: "The endeavor to force ten guns into a ship that ought really to have had eight actually led to her having only six, since the ten had such complicated mechanism that no more than two-thirds of them would normally go off at once." Of the cruisers pursuing *Bismarck* only one had search radar. Whitehall, abetted by poor work in the chartroom of *King George V,* set the whole fleet rocketing off on a false trail toward the Faeroes; and so on.

Were the Germans any better, then? Not much; if they had sent the battleships *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* with *Bismarck* they might have had a real victory instead of an illusory one, and after one of *Rodney*'s early salvos landed on the German's main control tower she became nothing but a fire-spitting target.

Well, the British Navy in the past has usually achieved its results by the courageous application of mass, and it did so this time. The convoys were protected; *Bismarck* was sunk. But the lesson that stands out is that modern war has become so complex that God is no longer on the side of the merely big battalions; that neither the mass of the British ships nor the massiveness of the German could give them anything but painful loss.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 318

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 318 will be found in the next issue.

NKCD RBCDEHCDR LKEL

AGDKEDM RBCDELHIF BN

IBELHIF.—E. NTSSDG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 317

Love and a cough, cannot be hid.
—GEORGE HERBERT.

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gibberingly fearful performance on a very tame parachute jump, then mounts a typewriter to boast of his courage and the dangerous life he leads; a commissioned medical man of high professional attainments rots to the verge of suicide with inactivity because his subordinates do all the healing.

It can be seen that Martin Quigley has gone very deeply into life. Early in his career he displays Montaigne's three ingredients of good writing: "*Bien écrire, c'est bien sentir, bien penser, et bien dire.*" It will be interesting to see if his sense of proportion extends into the civilian struggle as solidly as it has done in the military.

Fiction Notes

LONESOME VALLEY, by Henry Hornsby. William Sloane. $3.50. A contemporary pilgrim pursues his progress through a valley of symbols. The distant hills of Kentucky hem in Johnny Baker and come to mean his entire world. There is no escape, no knowledge or sense in the outer sphere. Johnny realizes this because he is driven away by lies, returning after ten years, wise in recognizing his ignorance, eager only to weld himself to the land and the people that are part of him. You can, after all, go home again.

Mr. Hornsby turns his wheel with grace and dignity. The bell tolls death for a friend at the start and again at the finish; the same girl beckons and is found waiting; the same very few who waved farewell are ready to welcome. The form is pure. An obsession with loneliness, a trick of counterpoint between what actually happens and what Johnny dreams will happen, and a tendency to tap detail dry mar the clarity of the theme. But the created mood is vibrant, the toilers of the soil are bright with endeavor, and hope is high.

A first novel of rough distinction.

CENTER AISLE, by Claudia Holland. Rinehart. $2.75. Mrs. Holland doesn't play fair. She leaves those threads dangling that she should have tied, and tightly knots those she could have left undone. Perhaps she has made us greedy. Certainly one or two items should have been settled.

The town of Southport, admittedly patterned on Portsmouth, Virginia, is done to a turn. Glimpse after prying glimpse into the past debunks the reigning family, whitewashes the wrong-side-of-the-tracks contingent, explains mixed marriages and unrequited loves, but never mars the settled status quo. The spoiled rich girl may marry the confused hero or he may marry her unrecognized lawful cousin. It's the lady or the tiger technique.

Wonderful old girls replete with flowerpot hats, gossip, and staunch Southern prejudice tread the streets. The atmospheric combination of heat, juleps, organdy, hot breads, and skeletons about to burst the closets makes for an undeniably valid sense of locale. It is simply that the scene isn't quite played out.

PLEASURE ISLAND, by William Maier. Julian Messner. $3. Invasion of a remote island in the Pacific by a lively corps of Marines waiting to move on. Time and material for dalliance make up the meat of this rather pointed tale.

Controlled by an Englishman with three lovely young daughters, this jungle paradise is more than poster exotic. It is gracious and dignified. A vulgar colonel intrudes, making lascivious overtures, relegating native ritual to burlesque, and twisting well-meant hospitality to bawdy brawls. The quiet, Robert Louis Stevenson fan of a father appeals cleverly to a visiting general and drives the offender from his lands. One romance falls flat, another succeeds, while the third sister pins her hopes on a promised battalion of gentlemanly Australians.

Nice approach to misunderstood mores, to a natural rambunctiousness, and to a war-weary loneliness. The Carl Rose illustrations seem entirely false in feeling, highlighting the cheap rather than the proud.

O CARELESS LOVE, by Hobert Skidmore. Doubleday. $2.75. Between Sweet and Sour Mountains the river Golly flows. This is back-country land and the people in the valley are faraway folk. Their river is a source, a meaning, sometimes an inspiration to them. Now it has gone dry; no rains have come to their town of Felicity, and the banks are withered as the cloudless skies remain cruelly unrelieved.

Into this still, waiting, breathless little community comes a young girl, driven from another town. Her sin is living. Born to a loose pattern, she has known only independence and an eagerness for love. She finds it and moves on with exultation. At this moment there is moisture in the riverbed; long dead senses are stirred; sleeping physical fires are ignited, and

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an abundance spreads over the land.

Gentle, tenuous, done with delicacy and subtle symbolism.

THE EAGLE'S SONG, by Anne Miller Downes. Lippincott. $3. An American family faces up to history from the French and Indian Wars through the first world conflict. What was a wilderness in Upstate New York becomes a thriving town. The great house crumbles, the crafty congenital so-called pacifists and profiteers take over. The last of the direct line bequeaths his proud heritage to the Poles, the Italians, and the Germans who will carry the banner high.

Anne Miller Downes pays tribute to the women in each generation. Mothers of sons to be sacrificed, wives of pioneer men holding honor dear, they love and labor and live for the land. This is a straightforward testament, as unadorned as the family Bible.

Take a look at the record. Let the eagle scream. Don't try to hold back those tears. You can't do it and still pass the loyalty test.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

VIGILANTE, by Richard Summers. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50. Mr. Summers has undertaken the interesting experiment of writing a historical novel—about California in the mid-Fifties—as though he were writing a modern private-eye shocker. There is no reason why this kind of literary hybrid should not be attempted; I think Hammett or Cain could write about San Francisco in 1850 and keep their special hard-bitten style intact inside the historical framework. The trouble with Mr. Summers's hybrid is that he has given it all the characteristics of one of its parent-types, and let the other go by default. Lucky Langmeade, a tough, relentless, enormously resourceful mine-owner who dashes about San Francisco cleaning up its political stews with the aid of the Vigilantes, is about as convincing in his role as, let us say, Crosby was playing the Connecticut Yankee. The whole machinery of flat backdrop that is rolled across the stage: the Gold Coast, the newspaper editors shooting it out, the crooked Senators, the grim and righteous Vigilantes—all of it is an illusion that nobody believes in, least of all the writer.

There is only one reality here, and that is Mr. Lucky Langmeade, the anachronism, the 1949 impossibly hard guy who finds in 1856 the things he has to have to exist: the superhuman beatings he gives and takes, the curvaceous dames who fall at his feet, the roscoes that speak in the night. Except that he seems twice as mad, and altogether ham, in 1856. Modern times provide a protective coloration for this proud, demented muscle-man. Out of his proper element he shrinks.

AFTER THE STORM, by Garth Hale. Dutton. $3. "Should a woman tell?" is the question they used to flash on the old silent screen, to announce next week's soul-probing drama of a woman's heart. As I remember it, the horrid secret was always that she had Loved Another before she had come into the safe harbor, Marriage. She had never dared tell her husband; the dreadful fact gnawed like a fox at her bosom. And then, he came back to destroy her life, that Other Man, threatening to Tell All unless—and here the plucking at black mustaches—unless, once again, she yielded to his base desires. What should she do now? Sometimes she shot the cad. Sometimes she told, and saw all love and faith die in that good man's eyes.

Well, a lot of people thought it was a moving tale then, and Garth Hale hopes they still do. He has set it down completely and faithfully, to the last stifled sob. This time it happens in a college town, and she is the wife of a respected dean slated for higher office. Comes the man she once had given herself to, now threatening to tell the dean, unless—. She tells her husband, sees him turn pale as all hope dies in him. He walks out into a storm, allows himself to die of exposure. But she is going to carry on, expiate her sin by looking after the child of that first error. It didn't make much sense then, and it makes less now.

—NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

PINK MAGIC, by Margaret Lee Runbeck. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75. Pink Magic, in case you are wondering, is defined on the dust jacket as: "allure; appeal; a spell cast over the Other Sex." It is a commodity with which

Horty and Corney, the adolescent sirens with whom the romance-bent heroine Lambie, nee Ursula, is chaperoned to Mexico, are richly endowed and in the utilization of which their schooling has been thorough. The agonies which accompany Lambie's knowledge of her lack of that commodity, the suffering she endures as they attempt to educate her into the possession of it, and the circumstances in which she independently comes into her own unique if still female heritage, constitute the bulk of her breathless chronicle.

Most readers will find it refreshing, often amusing, and sometimes painfully eager. But how on earth can we be much more severe with it than we would be with its heroine? The best that we can ask of it is that Lambie be credible, and she is that. Though the young man who finally precipitates her rebirth in romantic glory is not quite so real, he serves his purpose. But I think that Miss Runbeck leans too heavily on most of the old clichés about the adolescent viewpoint—the notion, for example, that everyone past thirty is old. Her girls resemble closely all the junior misses of moviedom, and she gives the typical adolescent female too little credit for depth and seriousness. However, the area of her interest is foolproof, its potentialities boundless. Lambie's approach to herself is not consistent, but her suffering is real and quickly communicated.

My greatest enjoyment, in all this, stemmed from being pleasantly reminded of my college roommate, a somewhat Lambie-like but more mature girl with the wonderful name of Jeppy. In spite of all physical description of Lambie, I kept seeing the also near-sighted, art-loving, adolescently oversized form of my roommate. I found myself waiting, all through her story, for Lambie to give some sign that, although her interests lay in more typical social fields, she was as profound and serious, underneath her bulk, as my Jeppy was. Alas, she never did.

—NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Henley: "Invictus." 2. Wordsworth: "It Is a Beauteous Evening." 3. Whitman: "O Captain! My Captain!" 4. Coleridge: "The Ancient Mariner." 5. Milton: "Lycidas." 6. Noyes: "The Highwayman." 7. Keats: "Ozymandias." 8. Wilde: "The Harlot's House." 9. Yeats: "When You Are Old." 10. Housman: "When I Was One-and-Twenty." 11. Suckling: "Why So Pale and Wan?" 12. Lowell: "Patterns." 13. Poe: "The Raven." 14. Hood: "The Bridge of Sighs." 15. Foster: "Old Folks at Home." 16. Longfellow: "The Day Is Done." 17. Markham: "The Man with the Hoe." 18. Field: "Little Boy Blue." 19. Tennyson: "Sweet and Low." 20. Shakespeare: "Twelfth Night." 21. Lindsay: "The Congo." 22. Fitzgerald: "The Rubáiyát." 24. Stevenson: "Requiem." 25. Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village."

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A REPLY TO PHILIP WYLIE

(*Continued from page 8*)

hounded over the European Continent, their works forbidden, their names tabooed; while millions with the wrong archetypes were on the way to their death; while Dr. Otto Sittig (the translator and interpreter of Hughlings Jackson and Gordon Holmes) was burned in Auschwitz; while in the death factory of Treblinka Freud's sister—an old lady—had her hair cut off and her clothes removed (to be sent to Germany for proper use) and was gassed and cremated; while all this was going on, and more of the same, the Nazi writers continued to refer to Jung as *"der grosse Seelenforscher"* (the great researcher of the soul) and the *"Meister der Seelenkunde"* (Master of the knowledge of the soul).

THE evidence of Jung's Fascism is overwhelming. What he writes in 1945—his sweeping condemnation of all Germans is of course an overcompensation—is of little interest or consequence. Almost by definition, a Nazi was a professed anti-Nazi in 1945.

Lord Chesterfield said that a letter shows the character of two people, the man who writes and the man who receives it. If Jung has to send a letter to his Paladin Philip Wylie saying that Wylie understands "his theories more completely than anyone else writing about them in this country," he lays himself wide open. He must be on the defensive. No wonder; for his side has lost—at least for now.

When the Bollingen Award was made to Ezra Pound, even members of the committee, like W. H. Auden, did not know what Bollingen meant. They kept in step without knowing the tune. Tom O'Hara, reporting the award to Ezra Pound in the *New York Herald Tribune*, could not find out what Bollingen meant and termed it "something of a puzzle." One should not overdo semantics, but I think we should keep our country homes straight. It would have been far better to call this poetry prize the Berchtesgaden Award. Then there would not have been so much puzzle and misunderstanding. With this made clear, I would disagree with both Wylie and Robert Hillyer and all the others critical of Pound's receiving the prize. I think Ezra Pound deserved this Berchtesgaden award. What other American poet put so great a literary talent so thoroughly at the service of Fascism?

In this whole episode nobody seems to have any personal responsibility: the chief of the Library of Congress, who states that "the prize, when awarded, would in fact be that of the Library of Congress" says that he is not responsible; the man who gave the money is specifically exonerated from all responsibility; the man for whom the prize is named is vigorously defended against any responsibility; those members of the committee who did not even know the meaning of the name of the award they were bestowing evidently lack responsibility —and even the man who got the prize has officially been declared not to be responsible! Maybe it all came directly from what Dr. Jung calls the "Collective Unconscious."

The Older Courts

By Roberta Teale Swartz

PART of the doom of love in reason lies,
The other part in death, as is well known.
Of change one speaks not, for the love that flies,
So says the poet, heart and mind disown.

Dante beyond intelligence descries
The spirit that he loves, before love's throne;
Donne turns aside to sleep, but certifies
The bracelet of bright hair about the bone:

Let others now to reason and to death
Devote themselves, as the most willing slaves,
Love and religion hang upon the breath
Of scientific sextons and their graves,

But O, let you and me discredit night,
True to those older courts' continued light!

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A MISUNDERSTOOD MAN

(*Continued from page 7*)

of such psychological phenomena as the "leadership principle" or Fascism itself) and used them to make it appear that Jung *adhered* to ideas which he merely attempted to *define*. This is, of course, intellectual shysterism of a very common sort and worthy of rebuttal only because of its prejudicial effect. Jung is "mystical" and "occult" to those who do not understand him—for these are the names multitudes give to every idea they fail to comprehend. Jung *explained* the idiocy of modern Wotan-worship—for example; but the claim that he advocated it is silly.

JUNG'S attitude toward Jews may be colored by his finding of what he regarded as intellectual unfairness in Freud. That would be human, though not scientific. Jung's suggestion that the unconscious mind of Jewish people is "inferior" to that of others (owing to the nomadic history of the Jews and their adoption of other cultures rather than the development of their own) is to my mind an error.

I believe that such "differences" as may be observed between some Jewish people and some gentiles are the expectable results of centuries of persecution. No human group, guiltless but tormented, could fail to respond, now badly and again superbly but always particularly, to what is, in my opinion, the logically indefensible and instinctually brutal onslaught of other groups, down the ages. Anti-Semitism, that is to say, is evidence not of deficit in Jewish personality but of psychological disease in the gentile personality. And in so far as Jung's principles are concerned, that interpretation in relation to Jews seems more perceptive to me than Jung's own occasional asides. I am, indeed, a leading antagonist of anti-Semitism in our country. I have just finished a series of five essays on the subject which will very soon be published.

Two questions should be asked here, however.

The first is, shall a great pioneer (and his theory) be altogether damned if logic or capacity fails him in a special application of his theory? Plainly not—or else we would be obliged to discard Einstein's work (for example) because he admits he is a poor mathematician and because he cannot understand the physical apparatus developed from his basic propositions.

The second question is, shall any man's entire value be judged according to the single criterion of whether or not he holds special opinions anent Jews? The notion has come to be a sort of universal litmus for many intellectuals and, while it leaves this writer on the so-called angel's side, it alarms him as a thinker. For, in its nervous sequela—its effort to rewrite Dickens and even Shakespeare, for instance—it takes on the evil and instinctual cast of the very tyranny it protests. Book-burnings in virtue's name are no less totalitarian than the pyres and charivaris of Nazis.

All such process takes place outside logic and rises from the very forces Jung has given his life to describe. If Shylock and Fagin must go, who's next? The end result of attempts to expunge anti-Semitism and anti-"racism" by force and acts would be to denude every villain of nationality or creed and thus, by inference, all vice and evil of all human reality. This, in turn, would set up the opportunity for absolute corruption. It is the very mechanism which, unless we all understand it soon, will perhaps wreck our own society.

In the sense that I understand Jung's discoveries, I am a "Jungian"; in the sense that I have found in all science, literature, and philosophy only three or four more concepts which seem to me as perceptive, as descriptive, as empirical, and as valuable as Jung's—I am an enthusiastic Jungian. My own books, to date, have never attempted to do more than to suggest the sorts and orders of ideas which stem from Jung's central thesis. And because I have so far contented myself with mere suggestion (undertaking no massive, conventional work of exposition) my peers, the critics, have often claimed I do not understand Jung or Freud or any psychology.

Let me, therefore, answer Mr. Hillyer's personal references with one of my own, adding it to the reasoned comments above. Dr. Jung has written me, after reading my works, that I understand his theories more completely than anyone else writing about them in this country. The letters are in his own hand; I have them; I am now prepared to show them. But I have not hitherto advertised this unarguable authentication of my competence for reasons of modesty which (again) will be regarded as surprising in me by some of my habitual detractors.

I do so now out of desperate need. Consider these facts:

Jung himself knows that I know his meanings. He also knows that I have been vehemently opposed to Nazism since I first encountered it in the Twenties—that I have been an articulate foe of Communism since my visit to Russia in the Thirties—and that I am one of the nation's most outspoken foes of anti-Semitism, in whatever form. Jung knows that neither I nor any Jungian gives a hoot for Wotan—that we regard legends and religious doctrines as mere "semantical" attempts at making some sort of intelligible pattern out of human instinct. He knows that I will have none of the occult, or the mystical, but rather that I understand the reason for occult and mystical belief in others. Knowing that, he has given an embarrassing amount of praise to my rather casual effort at suggesting his ideas.

In his own written comments on me and my work he therefore once again gives the lie to those who bring against his brilliant insight and hypothesis such allegations as have been discussed here.

Jung has vastly enlarged man's opportunity to know himself. He has provided the scientific means for banishing the very follies with which he is charged. The fact that Messrs. Hillyer, Parelhoff, Glover, *et al.*, reveal by their own charges that they do not understand Jungian psychology, or intend to try to understand it, is immaterial save for the prejudicial effect of the airing of their charges in reputable magazines.

In sum, I merely ask one small justice for a mind that thousands of brilliant, erudite, honest, critical persons regard as among the most impressive in our age: that attacks on Jung's thinking by those who obviously do not comprehend it be given the short shrift deserved by every illiterate violence.

Mr. Hillyer has ruined the integrity of his good case against the contemptible and unpoetical Mr. Pound by entering in it, via a remote and irrelevant channel, a deluge of preposterous tirade against Jung—tirade that violates every rule of reason, of justice, of relevance, of informed debate, and of intellectual integrity.

And that, in a time when Jung's psychological findings could be so healing, seems a pity.

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the Phoenix Nest

VERMONT EULOGY

"OLD Ezry White
he wuz a mean one,
a reprobite
if ever I seen one.

"Tight with a nickel,
stubborn's a pig,
sourer'n a pickle
in a vinegar kig.

"Blueb'ries growed
in his cow-pasture,
y' cud git a load
but he never ast yer.

"Swaggered a swig
'n' cussed 'em wider,
jagged a jig
with a jugacider.

"Wellsir the sinner
he had t' go,
who wuz the winner
we'll never know:

"The Lord 'n' the devil
they diced fer him—
the odds wuz level,
the margint slim.

"Old Ezry White he
warn't no saint,
but goshamighty
none of us ain't."

—KATHARINE O'BRIEN.

* * *

In the summer I like to read "The Cloud," by Percy Bysshe Shelley, a great poem that modern American critics would hoot at. It has that aerial fire that nobody but Shelley could capture. "The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes—." I read tons of verse a year, but nothing to match that. Of the stars: "And I laugh to see them whirl and flee Like a swarm of golden bees." Occasionally Francis Thompson rode simile and metaphor to like heights, vexing "with silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon."

To turn to less pleasant things, not that Walter Lippmann is a less pleasant thing: his recent column in the *Herald Tribune* "Stop This Disorderly Conduct!" is one of the best things I have read since his "Berlin Fantasia." It scathes—a bug-word for headline writers!—some of the recent performances in Washington. Also I commend J. Waties Waring, Federal Judge of Charleston, S. C., who has stated, "The race problem in the South really is very simple ... just treat the Negro as a citizen with all the rights of every other citizen."

* * *

REMARKS

The pig goes *oink*,
The cow goes *moo*,
The lamb goes *baa*,
And I love ewe.
The cat goes *mrowr*
In the moonlight pale,
And rime never rippled
As rhapsodic as his tail.

The chick goes *cheep*,
The frog goes *beep*;
From Nevada to Vermont
The Virginia creepers creep;
The weeping willows weep;
The blinking owls blink;
I dip my pen in moonshine
And then I drink the ink.

The burro goes *haw*,
The pup goes *arf*;
What eyelashes flutter
When girarfe meets girarfe!
The bee goes *z-z-zzz* . . . .
But my darling goes "*Hm'm'm'm'm*?"
And heigh! the doxy over the dale,
I go "*M'm'm'm'm*!"

—ETHEL JACOBSON.

* * *

I am glad so many people apparently liked "Conversation with a Ceiling." A Marxist correspondent of mine with whom I have been calmly disagreeing by letter, while wishing me to analyze the contradictions around me (which I rather wear myself out trying to do), says that "obviously, you are a man with a conscience." That's in spite of the fact that he really pities me, he says, because, he says, I want my spirit shriven by the Almighty—nice if you can get it!—"cling with devotion to a mess of pottage" and "lie with my face to the wall." It certainly sounds rather messy! He says that "human love and brotherhood of man exist nowhere except in the hearts of men." Precisely! Where else would you expect them to exist? In their minds? The mind is a cold machine, when all is said and done. This new book by George Orwell shows what happens to the human mind when it goes all out with faith in some universal system of power. The mess of pottage I am supposed to believe in is apparently Christianity, which I do wholeheartedly believe in; and I much prefer Christ to Karl Marx. So my correspondent and I fail to convince each other.

But now just a minute! I also recently wrote the following, which likewise I stand back of:

PELAGIUS

Pelagius from the Isles of Tin,
With all to lose and naught to win,
In the fifth century, with a shout,
Vowed no priest had found God out—
That there was no original sin.

And scarcely had the echoes died
(Church purpling, folk all horrified!)
Than there was no—he so advised—
Damnation of the unbaptized.
"Nor sin from Adam is!" he cried.

Then, ere upon this infidel
The thunders of Man's judgment fell,
"Free will in Man is unconstrained!"
He shocked the echoes with, and
gained
A foretaste of their doctrinal Hell.

Now I believe that God's own grace
Is needed by the human race,
But still applaud of that dark day
A valorous man, who said his say
And looked the bigots in the face.

Miriam Allen deFord, of San Francisco, resents an insert on my page saying, "On the back of this is a coupon you can cut out without destroying anything of value in this issue." She writes:

> Now I resent that, even though I too am a Double-Crostic fan! Cutting out that coupon would destroy something of very great value indeed—your conversation with your ceiling. (N.B.: Why don't you try going to bed about 1:00 A.M., like me?—then you'll wake at 5:00 A.M., instead of 2:00).

Perhaps worth trying, but up in this salt air by the ocean the somnolence seems to increase around dawn (or is it my age?), while around 2:00 A.M., I am ready to argue even with Bertrand Russell! To others who liked my

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soliloquy I can only say, "Thanks!" They have no idea how horrible, as well as God-seeking, some of my soliloquies are ere, to quote that admirable line of Tennyson's, "The casement slowly grows a glimmering square."

* * *

THE BELOVED CLOWN

His privilege
It is to reenact
Life's motley page,
Each folly and each fact.

Ineptitude
Is his full stock in trade.
Here may be viewed
Mistakes we all have made:

Wrong door, wrong cue,
Failure to comprehend
The simplest clue,
Disaster in the end . . .

He bends his skill
To make us laugh, we guess,
Because he still
Thinks well of happiness.

—B. Y. Williams.

* * *

Arthur Coe, of Rockport, Mass., has recently written me as follows; and, as he lives not far off, I intend to take to look at his old *McClure's:*

> Your delightful description in the June 11 Phoenix Nest of your recent acquisition, "My First Book," started a slight ringing in my memory (a sort of tintinabulation). Yesterday I stopped the ringing by finding what I faintly remembered from the days of my youth, three "My First Book's" in Volume III, June-November 1894, of *McClure's* magazine. In order of publication, the three are: "My First Book," by A. Conan Doyle, August 1894; "My First Book—'Treasure Island'," by Robert Louis Stevenson (!), and "My First Book," by Rudyard Kipling, November 1894. Possibly other "My First Book's" appeared in later issues of *McClure's.* The only issues I'm familiar with are those in the bound volumes which belong to my father. He has numbers I, II, and III, and it so happens that the final page of Kipling's contribution is also the final page of Volume III.
>
> Which came first—the book you recently picked up or *McClure's*? I like to think *McClure's.* Having prominent authors write accounts of their first books seems to me to be an idea worthy of S. S. McClure (and vice versa). I know that the 1897 publication date of your recent acquisition does not necessarily help my case. You write that it is a "new edition with 185 illustrations" and there is no telling how much earlier the first edition appeared. Also, there is a clue in *McClure's* itself that points to the possibility of Kipling's account of his first book having been published previously. It carries the footnote "Copyright, 1892, in the United States of America, by Rudyard Kipling." (Doyle's has no special copyright and Stevenson's is "Copyrighted 1894, by the author" —1894 being the year of publication in *McClure's.*)
>
> Stevenson's "My First Book—'Treasure Island'" is the only illustrated account, and rather drably illustrated, at that. However, scattered throughout the three volumes of *McClure's* are drawings and photographs which, like those in your book, make one wonder where nineteenth-century celebrities ever got the money to pay the architect, the builder, and the furniture dealer. Among authors, Emile Zola seems to have liked his splendor most. Though a trifle short on whiskers, he was long on sumptuous surroundings. If the pen-and-ink sketch is to be believed, Zola's bedchamber (that's what *McClure's* calls it—bedchamber) makes a Hollywood movie boudoir look like an Army barracks. The most amazing dwelling, though, seems to have belonged to Adelina Patti. Her Welsh castle boasted an English billiard room *and* a French billiard room plus a private theatre. "What spacious days!" is right.

* * *

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(Eat enough of our product to equal the value in nyacin of SEVEN SARDINES . . . for mental health.)

Take note, neurologists! Cast down
Your reflex hammers, throw away
Your office couches, for the world has found
A better, yes, a far far better way.

(And how much cheaper!) Gentlemen it seems,
To gain a super-perfect mental poise,
One eats, (for nyacin) seven small sardines.
You've had your fun! Out of the picture, boys.

—Katharine Day Little.

* * *

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO "SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING"

Prince of the quippers,
Master of mirth,
King of ad-lippers,
Shaker of girth,
Top of the witty,
Dean of the droll,
Equal of Mitty
On anyone's poll,
Maker of laughter,
Chaser of blues,
Ringer of rafter,
Comedy's fuse,
Pause that refreshes,
Bookdom's Mack Sennett,
Hail to thee precious
Cerf known as Bennett!

—Charles Lee.

* * *

—William Rose Benét.

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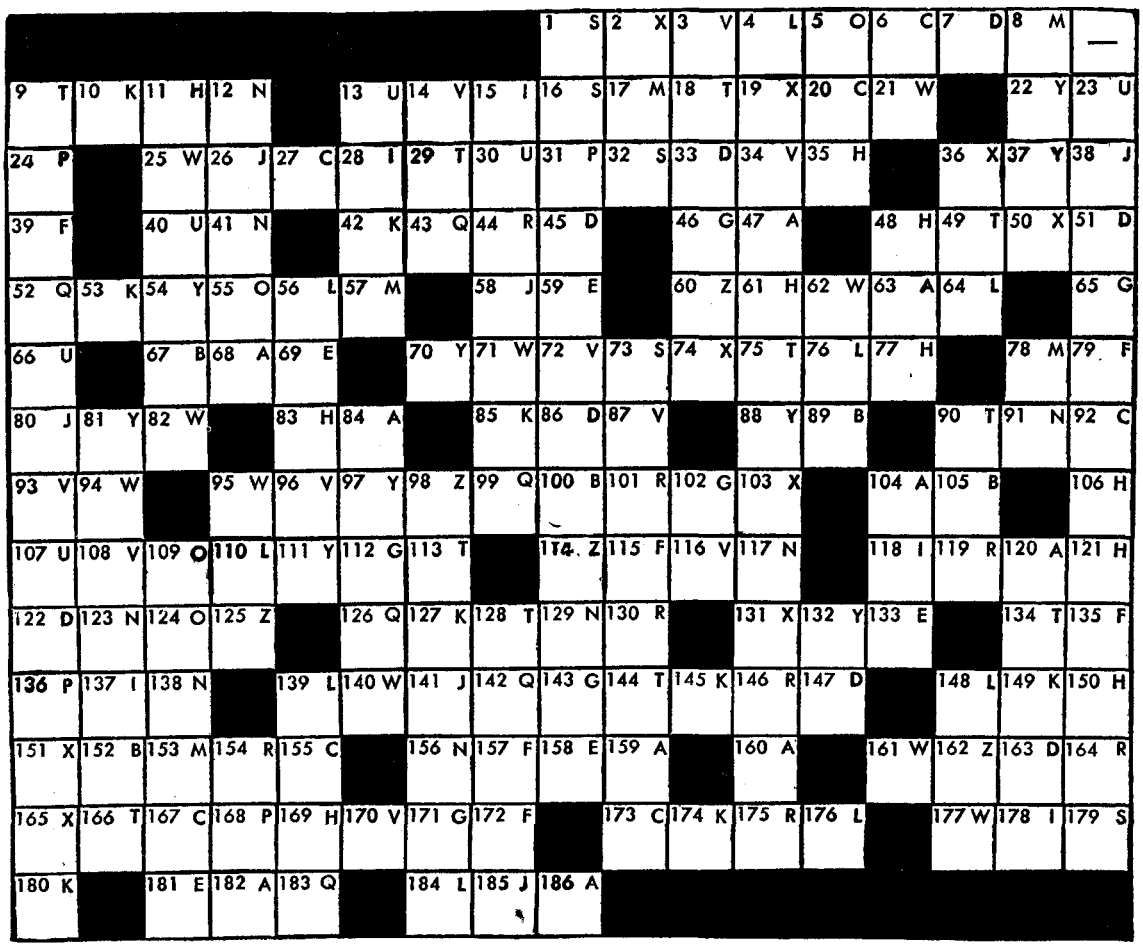
C. Talks in the broken English of the aborigines (Australia).	27 92 6 173 20 155 167
D. An adjective used in a Shakespeare Sonnet with "Death's night."	147 86 45 33 7 51 122 163
E. Inward; toward the center.	69 59 158 181 133
F. Greedy; rapacious.	135 157 39 115 172 79
G. Island of Greek archipelago associated with Sappho.	143 102 171 46 65 112
H. Not turned aside or deflected from, as a fixed course.	48 11 35 83 61 77 106 121 169 150
I. Lumps or masses of earth, clay, etc.	15 137 178 118 28
J. Third month of the Jewish civil year.	26 58 38 185 80 141
K. Figures in which body of man and legs of horse are combined.	85 10 127 145 149 42 174 180 53
L. In addition to the main portion, occupation, etc. (3 wds.; slang).	56 110 148 176 4 64 184 139 76
M. Abbreviated greeting (U. S. colloq.).	133 17 78 57 8

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Winter capital of India.	41 12 156 91 129 138 117 123
O. Subject or subjected to argument or discussion.	5 55 124 109
P. Inseparable brother of Lynceus (Gr. myth.).	136 24 31 168
Q. Color of the mignonette flower.	52 99 126 142 183 43
R. Faced, as an embankment, with a retaining wall (mil. & civil engin.).	44 119 101 146 175 164 154 130
S. Ready to be drawn, as ale (2 wds.).	179 73 16 1 32
T. Well-known poem by Kipling (with "The").	18 128 29 166 134 113 75 144 49 90 9
U. A giant in the form of a dragon; slain by Sigurd for the Ring (Volsunga Saga).	13 107 66 23 40 30
V. Expands.	72 96 116 108 93 34 170 14 87 3
W. To revert to an earlier state or condition.	161 82 94 71 95 177 62 140 25 21
X. Those who have gained certain specific symbols as rewards of merit.	36 151 50 131 165 19 103 74 2
Y. The twist of the strands composing a rope.	22 70 54 111 97 88 37 81 132
Z. Efts or tritons (zool.).	125 162 114 60 98

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



JULY 30, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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SRL RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

IF THE information has not yet reached our readers—they are far-flung, and the news as yet has been circulated only informally—the first appearance of a new set of phonographic symbols should soon be upon us: LLP, meaning "London Long Playing." It was, perhaps, wishful thinking when the advent of "LP" inclined the observation that it was the most notable addition to the phonographic jargon since "ffrr." They have now coalesced in a way that could hardly have been imagined little more than a year ago. (Word of Capitol's decision to follow suit has just reached me. See page 57.)

Why "LLP"? The simple explanation is that the American Decca Company has relinquished its right to distribution of the English product in this country, and all future releases will bear the "London" label. This applies to conventional albums and singles as well as the semi-classics and pops for which London was established, and means that the term "English Decca" (in the American market) is no more. The transition has been signalized in an auspicious way by the first "London" labels on classical material: a stunning "Danse Macabre" directed by Charles Munch (and the word stunning means that it stuns), and a superb "Death of Boris" which introduces a fine Yugoslav basso, Raphael Arie. Of these, more next month.

London's decision to go LP is not the less exciting for its logic and desirability. It adds a catalogue already possessed of many phonographic classics, and promising of far more, to the range of choice available to the LP purchaser of serious music; and it writes a welcome endorsement of the check which Columbia has expended in this enterprising, far-sighted—and let us not forget, costly—program. From the samples I have heard—a Schuricht performance of the Beethoven No. 5, and part of an Elgar suite—ffrr quality will be approximated, if not equaled, in London's version of the 33⅓ rpm. A British plastic called Geon will be utilized instead of Vinylite, and that, too, is a progression to the time when all records will be unbreakables. Like the mother who lost a daughter but acquired a son-in-law, Columbia has gained an ally but also a competitor. Watch this space for further developments.

IRVING KOLODIN,
EDITOR, *SRL* RECORDINGS.

AUGUST 1949

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Kids, Taxes, and Popular Songs

JEFFREY FLEECE

PEOPLE these days are always saying that there are not any good popular songs being written any more. I think I know what they mean, and why they think so. According to a good American tradition, I am going to blame it on the government.

The truth is that popular songs are not popular for the same reason they used to be. Back when you and I were young, there was only one test of a song—was it good to dance to? That meant that popular songs had to have a good, solid beat and a clean melody line that could take any amount of dirtying up by jazz players and still be there. I am not just talking about the fast numbers for the jitterbugs, either; even the dreamy, romantic numbers like "Red Sails in the Sunset" and the novelties like "Music Goes Round and Round" were basically for dancing.

Things are different now. There are all kinds of things in the new songs, but they are primarily for listening, not dancing. And it is not the fault of the bands, or of the audience, or of Tinpan Alley. It is the government's fault.

In the Revenue Act of 1942, the government put a 5% tax on sales made in places where public dancing was permitted, and on April 1, 1944 this tax was raised to 30%. The tax was later lowered to 20%, but by then most of the little dance halls had gone under. Other thousands of dance floors which were just used as an added attraction for drugstores, candy stores, and restaurants had been closed as soon as the 5% tax was imposed. There was no place left for kids to learn to dance and to love dancing.

Remember how dancing used to be a regular part of high-school life? Coke dates after school back in the depressed Thirties were centered around a drugstore or restaurant that had a dance floor. Those of us who grew up in that period danced some nearly every day. Dancing was a major recreation. In 1936, when the *Ladies' Home Journal* summarized a series of letters from high-school boys listing their specification for a good date, the report included this statement: "A good dancer? That goes without saying! Or rather, it gets said over and over."

Last year another survey was reported in the same journal, in which nearly 2,000 high-school students were asked, "If you could suddenly acquire superiority in one characteristic or ability, which one would you choose? Describe this characteristic or ability and give reasons for your choice." Most of the students of 1948 who answered this question wanted to be popular, but they wanted to do it by learning to play a musical instrument, be funny, sing, or improve their baseball. The report of the study does not say a word about anyone wanting to be able to dance any better. Dancing has become a minor social necessity instead of a creative sport.

It is possible to make a variety of guesses as to why the new generation of youngsters is not interested in dancing (juke-box dancing is a cheap depression-type entertainment and they have money, the war has made them more serious, they develop inhibitions younger these days) but the simple fact that they have no place to dance regularly must be the basic social force in the development of our non-dancing daughters.

There are still a great number of places to dance, of course, but most of them—like Roseland in New York or the Palladium in Los Angeles—are places for a big night-time date, and

—*International News Photos.*

Coke dates back in the depressed Thirties—"Dancing has become a minor social necessity."

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older people on the floor make the atmosphere less congenial to high-school crowds. Nearly all the little all-day businesses where the afternoon high-school crowd gathered to dance and make bad puns have taken away their dance floors. Of course, high schools and colleges still have many formal and informal dances, but if you will look in on one this fall you will see how unimportant the ability to dance well has become.

When the band starts a fast number, everybody rushes for the corners as if the ceiling were about to fall in. A few of the younger chaperons who learned dancing before the cabaret tax went into effect stay on the floor, and perhaps a few kids who have been lucky enough to have a place to learn dancing. The rest just stand around and listen. They are polite, and they usually know something about the music, but their feet do not itch.

And then after the band blows the speed out of its system and settles down to one of the slow weepers that are usually at the top of the hit parade these days, even "Bali Ha'i" or "Some Enchanted Evening" from "South Pacific," the kids get out on the floor and stand there. If you look closely, you will be able to see that they are really moving, but it takes a good eye. To the casual observer, they look as if they are just standing out there holding each other up, like the fifteenth day of one of the old Dance-athons.

IF anybody wants to get historical about it, we can now date the great period of American dancing. It ran from the Castles' big success in 1912 until 1944. After that a dance became something to watch or something you do with your feet while you talk. The effect of this change on popular songs has been tremendous. Juke-box popularity is one of the big factors in the success of a song, and the boxes which used to be in places where people danced are now in restaurants, beer joints, and beauty shops. The new atmosphere requires a different kind of music, and a different kind is being produced.

There are three kinds of songs on the boxes today. First, of course, are the slow tunes, so slow that a listener of 1936 would think everybody in the band was suffering from some strange cataleptic malady. Part of the new super-largo may be a result of the Sinatra boom, but more, I think, is because the tune is meant only to provide an emotional background for a boy and a girl to talk, or for a girl to wish she had a boy to talk to. Nobody wants to dance that slow, but that is not the point any more.

Then there are the novelty numbers. Almost anything new that is good of its kind can be a successful novelty. Spike Jones's wildest numbers have a big play. Red Ingle's fantastic arrangements are enjoying fantastic popularity. These novelties are for the folks who cannot think of anything to talk about at the minute. They pay their nickel for a short entertainment program, again for listeners, not dancers. It is the same audience that listened to "Cohen on the Telephone" and "Two Black Crows."

The third kind of juke-box record is the listening record for people who know something about music. Some of them are reissues of the old New Orleans jazz, or modern versions of it. The jazz which began in Storyville may have been meant for dancing then (jazz scholars have not agreed on the point) but it is not now. It is too fast and dirty for these young sophisticates to do anything with, but they like to listen.

Another group of listening records are almost symphonic—not dance versions of symphonic tunes, either, but things like "Sabre Dance." Horace Heidt's show band has a kid tap dancer who is the only person I ever saw that tried to dance to "Sabre Dance," and he was not very successful at it.

Do not let me give the impression that I am saying all this is a bad thing. It is what the current crop of young people want and what they are getting, that is all. As a matter of fact, there is a good possibility that we are now in a transition period that will lead to something entirely new and perhaps, by some standards, much better than the old dance music.

All kinds of things are finding their way into the best-seller lists. Take last year's "Civilization"—you know, that "Bongo, Bongo, Bongo" thing about the savage who preferred the jungle. There have been satirical songs in Broadway musical reviews for years, but up until lately they have never been popular all over the country unless they were also good for dancing. But now a listening audience has time to enjoy more subtle lyrics (well, more nearly subtle), such as those in "Kiss Me, Kate."

And there are even weak hints of philosophy in some of the new songs. Back when a lyric writer had only to think of a new way to say "I love you," nobody would have dared to think up the rhymes about the Rousseau philosophy that showed up last year in "Nature Boy." They would not even have tried for the almost pure lyric quality (speaking in poetic terms now) of the words and music of "A Tree in the Meadow."

Bands are finding (to the consternation of some of them), that they can stretch out and do something besides hitting that beat for the dancers. A good case in point is Elliott Lawrence's orchestra, an organization which has had great popularity with the college prom crowd. He has an oboe, a bassoon, and other instruments formerly restricted to the symphony orchestra, and his band members are not just instrumentalists with a good technique. Most of them have music degrees—not unheard of among popular musicians before, but certainly rare. And Lawrence's arrangements, like those of many other big organizations these days, are more complex than they were back when dancing was the test of good music.

THAT is the current state of popular music. Foretelling the future is almost an impossibility, but it is possible to make some forecasts. Maybe Congress will do something about the cabaret tax and we will go back to the kind of music that most of us older folks think of when we think of popular songs—simple, bouncy, melodic tunes. But then maybe the dancing craze is over for good, no matter what Congress decides to do. If that is true, then musicians are going to find themselves in a new and uncomfortably free atmosphere. They will be able to experiment with all kinds of techniques and styles.

There is also the possibility that this kind of music is on its last legs, to rework a cliché. It was created for dancers, and the government taxed away the ability to dance, so the listeners will either turn to classical and semi-classical music or perhaps they will revert to folk tunes, if that could be called a reversion. The people in the popular music business try not to think of that.

At any rate, those who complain about not having any of the good old songs written any more might just sit back and wait. Something ought to happen to popular music pretty soon. Something big.

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A Feather in the Cap of Bop

MUCH to my surprise, if less perhaps to his, Leonard Feather has done an excellent job of documenting the latest mode in popular music, in a slim volume entitled "Inside Bebop" (New York: J. J. Robbins & Sons, Inc. 104 pp. $2). I note "surprise" without implication, for what I have known of Feather as as entrepreneur, disc jockey, promoter, and jazz critic did not prepare me for a volume so methodical, factual, and—generally speaking—so persuasive as this one.

The title we will pass by without comment. It might as well have been called "Dr. Gillespie, I Presume" or "Through Darkest Jazz with Microphone and Pickup." What Feather has done with great success, I think, is to correlate this contemporary mode in jazz playing with some of its antecedents: notably, the guitar work of the great, prematurely deceased Charlie Christian; the "cool" saxophone of Lester Young (known as "Pres" because of his preeminence among youthful disciples) as opposed to the "hot" jazz to which we have been so long acclimated; and, of course, the incessant impact on the whole movement of John Birks ("Dizzy") Gillespie.

In addition to documenting the kind and character of influence exerted by these prime figures in the cast of bop "characters," Feather has given us a bibliographer's field day of information about Boniface Ferdinand Leonard De Franco (his fans call him "Buddy"), the Walter Gilbert Fuller who is not to be confused with plain Walter Fuller, Tadley Ewing Dameron, Don Carlos Byas, Battiste Illinois Jacquet, Joseph Edward Fillippelli, who prefers to be called "Flip" Phillips, Chuck Wayne (né Charles Jagelka), and a host of other boppers, big and little.

—*Bill Gottlieb.*

Charley Parker—"Through darkest jazz with microphone and pickup."

That Feather (an English expatriate who joined us permanently after a few journeys of jazz discovery in the late Thirties, and has since been a peace-loving citizen of this great land) is devoted to bop, I was well aware half a dozen years ago, when Gillespie was a shadow on the horizon no bigger than a man's hand; that he has profited from it is equally apparent from the record sessions he has organized, and the broadcasts he has conducted, and the Carnegie presentations he has MC'd. But that he believes in it as a form of musical experience, in the suburban area of musical expression, is only revealed in the thoughtful, painstaking pages of this book.

Its several main chapters are organized into sections titled "When," "How," and "Who." That he never addresses himself to the question of "Why" may be interpreted in two ways: Either he doesn't consider it necessary, or else he is baffled for a proper explanation. Since Feather is not a man to baffle easily, I can only conclude that he values the importance of this new departure in jazz as self-explanatory, without need for further justification. I still don't like the music, but I confess that Feather's exposition is very close to convincing.

HE SHOWS, for example, by citing chapter and verse (here record and chorus) how the harmonic and melodic procedures of bop differ from those of the preceding Dixieland jazz, the conventional blues, or the ordinary swing variations on such favorites as "I Got Rhythm" or "Whispering." He draws us a candid table of "new" boperations on old copyright tunes, with "How High the Moon"—the bopper's fraternal anthem—reborn as "Bean at the Met," "Bird Lore," "Hopscotch," "Indiana Winter," and half a dozen other things, depending on who appropriated it; or "Just You, Just Me" now called "Overtime," "Spotlite," or "Ray's Groove," according to the maestro who thus disguised it on a record date. As for "I've Got Rhythm," its chords are second in popularity only to the blues.

For this appropriation Feather has the bland disclaimer: "In recent years it has been an increasingly common practice to take some definite chord sequence of a well-known song (usually a standard old favorite) and build a new melody around it. Since there *is no copyright on a chord sequence* (my italics, Ed.), the musician is entitled to use this method to create an original composition and copyright it in his own name, regardless of who wrote the first composition that used the same chord patterns." Whether or not it is "an increasingly common practice," it is to be doubted, gravely, whether there is or not a "copyright on a chord sequence." What is the largo of Dvorak's "New World" symphony but a chord sequence? It was not until that sequence was in the public domain—where question of copyright was nonexistent—that William Arms Fisher produced his perversion called "Goin' Home."

Dizzy Gillespie—"Incessant impact on the whole movement."

And whatever the mere legalistic points involved, it seems to me a self-confessed indictment of the intellectual poverty of bebop that it notes as permissible seven "new" compositions based on "How High the Moon," three or four on "Cherokee," as many on "Indiana," "Stomping at the Savoy," and "Lover Come Back to Me." I think it rather revealing of bop's pretensions as a new and invigorating force in jazz that it is concerned almost exclusively with method: all through Feather's useful book with its numerous musical illustrations, I looked in vain for one marked "Slow, with feeling." I found several marked "Fast," or "Groovy Bop," or "Medium Fast," but nothing noted as "Soulful," or "With Feeling," or, merely "Expressivo."

What Feather has given us, then, is a systematic, informed, and certainly illuminating exposition of the means embodied in bop, but no reason—other than technical—why anyone should listen to it. There are quantities of sharply exposed, beautifully printed photographs in the volume, including four of the author.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Basic Library—
Bach: Instrumental Works

Concerto for Two Harpsichords and Orchestra

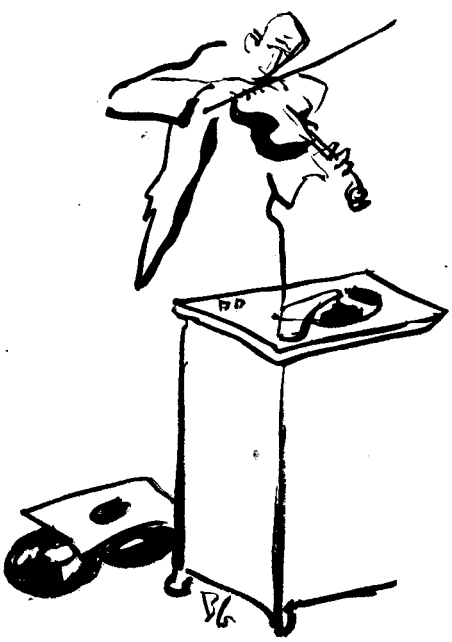
No. 2 in C minor. Most listeners will find themselves better acquainted with this music in its alternate form as the "Double Concerto" for two violins, transposed to D minor. I find it more satisfying, abstractly, in the latter form, and much less satisfying, concretely, in the version by the Manuel and Williamson Harpsichord Ensemble (Musicraft album 52) than in the ones by the violinists. This is a bright recording, of not much sonority.

Concerto for Three Harpsichords and Orchestra

I know of no accessible alternative for this Musicraft set, which is an excuse rather than a reason for recommending it. The playing of the Manuel and Williamson Harpsichord Ensemble is ponderous and without rhythmic zest. The recording is satisfactory.

Concertos for Violin and Orchestra

No. 1 in A minor. Neither the Menuhin with Enesco conducting (RCA Victor 14370/1, now available only as HMV DB 2911/2) or the Roman Totenberg, self-conducting a chamber orchestra (Musicraft album 78), is a notable example of recording craft, with more blame to Musicraft, which had the later opportunity. I see no compelling reason, therefore, for spending the extra price required for the Menuhin, since Totenberg plays cleanly, efficiently, and with taste. His is a rather small tone, of good quality. However the recording accentuates the highs to shrillness, with a rhythmic swish from the surface suggesting a percussion effect not scored by Bach.



No. 2 in E. This situation duplicates the one above, to the extent of a Menuhin-Enesco formerly available here (as RCA Victor album 221) now honored only in England, as HMV DB 2003/5. However, the domestic alternative by Busch and his Chamber Ensemble is a more acceptable one, though neither is in the class of the version by Gioconda de Vito noted with enthusiasm last month (HMV DB 9370/2). There is musical virtue in the basic feeling of Busch for this work, and it flows steadily through the score, overcoming rasps and roughnesses. His slow movement, indeed, is an example of the classic style in violin playing that would be difficult to surpass. If Miss de Vito but matches Busch here (a notable achievement), she is far more suave in the fast movements, and the very recent HMV recording is much more live, brilliant, and resonant.

Concerto for Two Violins and Orchestra

In D minor. Having re-discovered the Szigeti-Flesch performance (with Walter Goehr conducting) in the Columbia catalogue (album X90), I revert to it as my preferred form in which to hear this music. The sound has thinned relative to such more contemporary recordings as the voluminous Busch-Magnes, but it remains unapproachable for its intellectual vigor, emotional strength, and musical rectitude—a model of Bach, as well as violin, playing. Those who relish realism rather than finesse will find the Busch-Magnes playing (Columbia album X253) of imposing sonority, though Busch leads Miss Magnes in some intricacies of phrasing where she cannot quite follow. Otherwise, it is firm, musicianly work, with the excellent kind of rapport that typifies Busch and Bach.

The playing of Menuhin with Enesco (Pierre Monteux is the conductor) has been omitted to this point from the discussion because the comparatively high number of the album (RCA Victor 932) is a delusion, if not a snare. It took this place when it was repackaged as an album in 1944, but it predates the war—as the collaboration suggests, and the sound confirms—when it was originally issued as discs 7732/3.

There remains, then, that tribute to American enterprise in which Jascha Heifetz laboriously committed to posterity his playing of *both* solo parts. The enticing possibility of playing, or singing, both parts of a duet was not discovered by Heifetz, merely rediscovered by him (Elisabeth Schumann was one who did it previously, also Jennie Tourel since). One wishes that he hadn't, for neither of the ladies went to such lengths of artistic schizophrenia; and it is distressing to think of an artist of his capacities piecing together in ornate swoops and florid slides, a conception which would be excessive in one part. Franz Waxman gives dull acquiescence to the Heifetz leadership of the ensemble, and the complicated recording process results in a sound lacking in the life and resilience to be expected from RCA in this era.

Concerto for Violin, Oboe, and Orchestra

In D minor. Manuel Compinsky and Gordon Schonberg are the soloists in this transcription of the C minor concerto for two claviers, with Willem van den Burg conducting the Pacific Symphonetta, in Alco album 202. The patterns conform to the flowing lines of the instruments unexpectedly well, especially in the superb slow movement, one of Bach's greatest. Both Compinsky, as violinist, and Schonberg as oboist are well qualified for their tasks, the recording a good sample of studio work lacking hall resonance, but well-balanced, bright in timbre.

IMPORTS

Aside from the Gioconda de Vito version of the violin concerto in E (amply described above, and in last month's compilation), items of interest from abroad, in these categories, which are also accessible are limited. Else Marie Brunn is the violin soloist in a version of the concerto above, with Waldemar Wolsing, oboe, and the orchestra of the Palace Chapel in Copenhagen directed by Mogens Wöldike (HMV DB 5286/7). She collaborates with Julius Koppel and the same ensemble in the "Double Concerto" (HMV DB 5289/90). Wöldike, incidentally, is the excellent conductor known to us from his accompaniments on the vocal records of Aksel Schiotz. His feeling for the stylistic elements of these works suggests that much fine Bach may be forthcoming from Denmark. —The Editor.

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Strauss, Mengelberg, and History

STRAUSS: *"Ein Heldenleben." Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.* (Capitol-Telefunken album EEL 8013, $7.50.) *The same. Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia LP ML 4138, $4.85.)

STRAUSS: *"Don Juan"; also* TCHAIKOVSKY: *"1812 Overture." Willem Mengelberg conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam.* (Mercury LP MG 15000, $3.85.) *"Don Juan." Serge Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor set 1289, $2.50.)

How profound an irony it is that while the corporeal Mengelberg languishes in exile and disgrace we are only now becoming aware of what fine work the spiritual Mengelberg was doing for the phonograph ten years and more ago! Neither of these albums bears a date, but whatever their exact time of origin one thing is certain: they are *the* classic versions of "Heldenleben" and "Don Juan," enduring standards of what there is in these scores and how much other conductors get out of them. One regret alone may be mentioned: that Capitol-Telefunken has not seen fit to present this great "Heldenleben" in Long Playing form, as Mercury has its "Don Juan."

It is not for want of other fine versions of "Heldenleben" that Mengelberg's is so impressive. We have had, within recent months, the brilliant Reiner version, now processed as an LP, and the introspective Beecham, restricted to the HMV list because RCA has a new one on the way from Monteux. At the state recording has reached today, comparisons based on recollection are not of much value; so I have spent some illuminating hours among the Mengelberg, Beecham, and Reiner "Heldenlebens" recently, to the end of some interesting conclusions.

Beecham's is perhaps the most beautiful in sound of the three, but also the most intimate and reserved. Its temper is proud but not bombastic, which is a credit to Beecham, but not the final justice to Strauss's score. Reiner's organization of the score is so cleanly detailed, so penetrating and painstaking, that more than a few over-scored passages have a transparent clarity rare indeed. But with all his enthusiasm, I don't have the impression that Reiner believes in it so completely as Mengelberg does. I try not to remember that the work is dedicated to him, that he *should* be the one conductor in the world who would find nothing but virtue in it, but the evidence is all there, whether one has that knowledge or not, in a performance of insuperable breadth, intensity, and power.

As a recording, this "relic" does not have the glossy sheen of Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic, or the well-regulated compactness of the Reiner, but it has something that neither of the others possess: a dazzling abandon in highs and lows that may shatter into noise on some limited instruments, but is tremendously exciting on a suitable unit. Certainly, the battle music has never been projected with so much clamor and illusion, or the interwoven themes of the "Hero's Works of Peace" as aptly differentiated. It is in all respects the outstanding album thus far from Capitol-Telefunken, and one which sustains their contention that these are "European classics." This one definitely is.

Likewise the "Don Juan," though not so claimed. Moreover, it is a version of a work which has fewer great interpreters, though a larger number of inferior ones, than "Heldenleben." Comparison with the most recent of them is perhaps unfair, for Mengelberg was ten or so years younger than Koussevitzky when his performance was recorded. But there is a difference not merely of vitality between them; rather it begins with an orchestra perfectly schooled in the style of this music, which bows and phrases, thinks and feels in a Straussian idiom. Like the Philharmonic of pre-Toscanini days, it is Mengelberg's instrument, self-created and infinitely obedient. Certainly there is no horn section in the world today capable of the tremendous flourishes this one delivers.

As for the processing, it is a triumph for Mercury and its Reeves-Fairchild "Margin Control" in all details save one—and that one may be limited to the particular disc I have. I refer to an excessive amount of hiss, which may or may not be in the master itself. But so far as power, brilliance, and sweeping mass of sound are concerned, this is a triumphant union of interpretative fervor and reproductive fidelity which memorializes Mengelberg, and Strauss, for all time. Well, fifty years anyway. The RCA recording, good though it is, is cautious compared to this all-out-let-the-grooves-fall-where-they-may exploit.

This would seem sensational enough matter for one disc, but Mercury has paired its "Don Juan" with a performance of the "1812 Overture" which, again, is leonine and jubilant where most other conductors are merely boisterous. Presumably this is a product of the period when Germany was either wooing Russia or was snugly sharing the famous bed inhabited by the strange fellows of politics; that it was also prophetic of what was to happen to Hitler's march on Moscow even as it did to Napoleon's never, I am sure, entered Mengelberg's mind.

So much for Strauss and Mengelberg. As for history, would we be listening to these records with as much pleasure if they were distributed by the Gauleiter of Greater New York as samples of triumphant Nazi *kultur*? They would be the same Strauss and the same Mengelberg, but would we be the same? Some of us, I am sure, would not be listening to records at all. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Richard Strauss—"some illuminating hours among 'Heldenlebens'."

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Reviews of the Month

Vaughan Williams's Sixth Symphony, produced in England through cooperation of the British Council (see page 54), reaches American listeners as an ordinary commercial issue this month, with Stokowski conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. It has some notable neighbors in the first recording of Debussy's "Jeux," with De Sabata conducting, and Emmanuel Chabrier's "Suite Pastorale." There is also a new "Haffner" from Pittsburgh.

Hour with De Sabata

RESPIGHI: *"Feste Romane." Victor de Sabata conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* (Deutsche Grammophon album DGS 3, $4.75.)

DEBUSSY: *"Jeux." Victor de Sabata conducting the Symphony Orchestra of the Augusteo, Rome.* (RCA Victor set 1276, $2.50.)

As those who heard Victor de Sabata's music making with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra last winter can testify, he is one of the very great masters of orchestral technique in our time. Those who don't relish a second-hand impression can find out for themselves by reference to these recent issues—both prismatic, both arousing, both De Sabata ,and both, be it noted, rather superficial pieces.

Debussy's "Jeux" enjoys (if that is the word) a minor place among the master's orchestral creations. I have never heard a concert performance nor any recording prior to this one. The reason for it may well be the superficiality noted above, for it is pure color and rhythm, created as background for a Nijinsky ballet of 1913. As such it is a masterpiece of organization, of orchestral devices (some of them well noted by Ravel in subsequent works), of getting from one point to another musically. That it lacks the poetic essence of "La Mer," "Ibéria," or the "Nocturnes" is quite evident; but De Sabata makes of it a whirling pattern of sound that, one would have thought, some other conductor would have known about ere this. Good clear reproduction, of no great sonority.

"Feste Romane" is quite another story, though with a similar ending: a triumph for De Sabata. Doubtless Respighi conceived this in a spirit of ardent tribute to the Eternal City he loved so well to paint; but what captures the attention and retains it through some rather crude draughtmanship is the gaudy abandon of its colors, the amazing lights and shadows that De Sabata makes evident in his re-creation. Listen to Ormandy's "Feste Romane" and you'll hear a potpourri of fanfares, snatches of tunes, rumblings without meaning; listen to De Sabata's and the pattern of it becomes clear, balanced, comprehensible. Let it be said that this Polydor (original) of 1939, in its boldness, amplitude, and realism sounds more like an orchestra than the Columbia of 1947.

Mozart by Any Other Name

MOZART: *"Milanese" Quartets (K. Ann. 210, 211, 212, 213). Dessau Quartet.* (Deutsche Grammophon album DGS 5, $11.)

If you cling to the conventional picture of Mozart as a courtly, decorative, "charming" composer, here are four works which will substantiate your contention. The corollary, however, is that they are questionable Mozart; written in Milan probably, but not included in the conventional Köchel sequence (Nos. 155 to 160) of that period (1772-3). Cobbett does not mention them, and the source for inclusion in Köchel's *Annhang* (annex) is not known to me.

Mozart or not, they are definitely cunning works: music in which the joy of craftsmanship is everywhere apparent. What might incline one to doubt they are Mozart's is an almost unrelieved sunniness; it is hard to think of any works by this master in which there are not some clouded moments at least. To be sure, he was only sixteen at the beginning of this Milan visit, but Mozart at sixteen, like Mozart at three, eight or twenty-eight, was unlike any other human. The science of these quartets is certainly Mozartian; whether the absence of other qualities is indicative of another hand than his I'd hardly say.

I know of no other recordings by the Dessau Quartet, but they are a wonderful voice for this music—precise, intimate, passionless, absolutely immaculate in tone and pitch. Much the same might be said of the recording, an integral part of the effect of the playing, in its perfection of balance, volume of tone, and silky texture of tone. Those who are devoted to the rose (even if synthetic) may be sure they will never sample it more sweetly than here.

Victor de Sabata—"prismatic and arousing."

Vaughan Williams, No. 6

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Symphony No. 6, in E minor. Leopold Stokowski conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album 838, $4.95, ML 4214 $4.85.)

Is it more than the number (the sixth in each case), the minor key, the ending with a slow movement, which aligns this work in my mind with the "Pathétique" of Tchaikovsky? It will take a few more hearings for me to answer the self-posed question with certainty, but I would say it is a measure of esteem for Vaughan Williams that one can think in such terms at all.

Though Vaughan Williams's programmatic purpose has not yet been clarified to the extent that Tchaikovsky's has, I think the generalization may be stated thus: both begin in a mood of revolt, of doubt and protest; both end quietly, in a resolution of that doubt. In Tchaikovsky, one feels the finality that this *is* the best of possible worlds, and not a very good one; in Vaughan Williams's "Epilogue," one senses the same question, but with the skeptical: "Is it? I wonder." Another view of it may be found in Thomas Heinitz's THE OTHER SIDE (page 54).

Though Stokowski was entrusted neither with the world premiere (Boult's honor in England) or the American "first" (Koussevitzky's privilege in Tanglewood) he will automatically influence more minds

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about this work with his introductory recording. It strikes me as one of the strongest, most direct and painstaking things Stokowski has done for the phonograph in a considerable time. Whether it will seem as penetrating and forceful a projection of Vaughan Williams half a dozen years from now, when other recordings accumulate (there is a Boult on the way from HMV) and the work has passed through its "shakedown" interpretations from other hands, is questionable. But that it makes a mood, an atmosphere, an experience of this masterful score is unquestionable. Columbia has spared no frequencies to make this a representative recording, in the modern manner, and has succeeded strikingly well, save for some coarseness in the string tone. But the forceful brass, the pervasive timpani, are all there.

A "Haffner" by Reiner

MOZART: *Symphony No. 35 in D ("Haffner"). Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* (Columbia album 836, $3.95, LP M 4156, $4.85.)

Accustomed as I am to making public speeches about recordings, I must confess to an uncommon bafflement in the presence of this new addition to Reiner's catalogue of recorded Mozart. His G minor was a thing of great sense, much finesse, frequent beauty; this "Haffner" I have listened to four times—as a complete performance, in its Long Playing form—without arriving at any clear evalution of its qualities.

It is, to begin with, remarkably well-played: a statement whose object should be the orchestra involved, not the conductor. There is style in the playing, and many subtleties and excellent work by the solo wind players. I cannot object to the pacing by Reiner of any single movement—an ultimate point of contention when no other objections suffice—and he plainly has a sophisticated understanding of the numerous passages intertwining string figures with woodwinds, and strings with strings.

But there is a brusqueness in some rhythmic phrases—especially in the fast movements—that seems to me not Mozart's due: a hardness, not so much of tone as of feeling, which grinds a bit against the rather yielding substance of this music, and wears it down. What baffles me particularly is that the slow movement is really exquisitely phrased, much more tenderly than the vaunted Toscanini, if not quite of the Beecham mold. Commonly, a conductor who comprehends the slow movement of a classic symphony should be attuned to its whole mood and spirit. But not Reiner here. There is more glint in the recorded sound than I like, especially the LP, whose recorded partner is the B minor suite of Bach.

A New View of the "Forellen"

SCHUBERT: *Quintet in A ("Forellen"). Franz Rupp, piano, with members of the Stross Quartet and Ludwig Jaeger, bass.* (Capitol-Telefunken album 8019, $6.25.)

Inasmuch as Rupp severed his memorable connection with Heinrich Schlusnus in the mid-Thirties—since which time he made the cycle of Beethoven violin sonatas with Fritz Kreisler, and embarked on a new career with Marian Anderson—these discs must have been buried for well over a decade. Nevertheless, in clarity and detail, blend and warmth, they are mint-fresh. This is particularly true of Jaeger's bass, which is far more audible, much more palpable a part of the ensemble than Hobday's instrument in the Schnabel issue.

Other than this one acoustical fact—which is evident and undeniable—the comparison of the two performances is much a matter of individual styles. Rupp has perhaps not Schnabel's assurance and ease in a work of this magnitude; he is more a balance wheel than a mainspring. But it is very fine playing that he does, full of good will and enthusiasm, also delicacy in the variations. Those who love the "Forellen" will find its profile newly, affectionately illuminated here.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Chabrier and Disciple

CHABRIER: *"Suite Pastorale." Jean Martinon conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* (London album 90, $5.)

RAVEL: *"La Valse." Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire.* (London album 93, $5.)

Among the several musical centenaries falling within the last decade that of Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-94) passed almost unnoticed. Whoever thought of celebrating a composer whose output was so limited and whose music so radiantly free from solemnity? Though we can pay homage to a Wilde in literature, or a Chagall in painting, we are not yet prepared to do the same for his counterpart in music. And so long as the value of music is bound up directly with the grandeur, not to mention dolor, of its sentiments, Chabrier will continue to be dismissed as a musician of meager attainments.

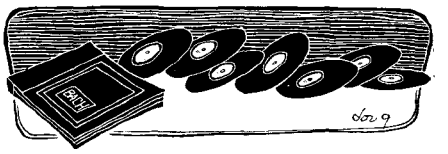
The "Suite Pastorale" is not "important" in the same sense as the "Eroica," "Parsifal," or "Ein Heldenleben." Its matter is of no great moment. But for precision and clarity of composition, for wit and sanity of expression, this music is unsurpassed. It well exemplifies Constant Lambert's trenchant description of Chabrier as "the only writer to give us in music the genial rich humanity, the inspired commonplace, the sunlit solidity of the French genius that finds its greatest expression in the paintings of Manet and Renoir."

Jean Martinon, who makes his phonograph debut with this recording, has resisted the temptation to impose interpretive flourishes. He plays the score straight, giving full due to its rhythmic verve and its bright, transparent orchestration.

The same philosophy which scouts Chabrier as a "light" composer has elevated Ravel's "La Valse" to a position out of all proportion to its musical merit. Next to "Boléro," "La Valse" is Ravel's best known and most played composition. Yet it is a singularly banal work, belonging to that species which makes a tremendous first impression but which begins to wear thin almost immediately thereafter. The earlier "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" is infinitely worthier of acclaim, both as a piece of musical invention and as an expression of Ravel's particular musical personality. But "La Valse" is blessed with significance; it portrays, the program notes assure us, "an epoch in which old values and dearly held ideals come crashing to earth in chaos." Armed with this feverish message, "La Valse" has triumphed.

Whatever its worth, there can be no doubt that the popular war horse is given a compelling interpretation by Ansermet and the Paris orchestra. Ansermet takes four sides instead of the normal three, and the resulting effect is more relaxed, if that term can be applied to such frenetic music, than is usual. I especially like the way Ansermet handles the final section: he gives considerably more lilt to the big chord clashes than one is accustomed to hearing. The recording is of the expected Kingsway Hall standard, though even the capabilities of ffrr are taxed by the amount of sound in "La Valse."

—ROLAND GELATT.



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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 57 for Pop Report

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Suites, Nos. 1 and 4. Koussevitzky conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1307, $7.25.	The rounding out of Koussevitzky's treatment of the Suites, as anticipated in a BASIC LIBRARY of two months ago. I have no more enthusiasm for his rather infirm phrasing, its lack of flexibility or nuance. There is an especially annoying break at the end of side one, and the recording, though clear, is thin, the strings much more prominent than the winds.
Beethoven: "Prometheus" ballet music. Paul van Kempen directing the Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon album DGS 1, $6.	Who Van Kempen is, I cannot say; but he is obviously a conductor adept in the Viennese mode of conducting Beethoven. There is a Weingartnerish sturdiness in his direction of the overture, a welcome deviation from the titanic quality imposed on this music by Toscanini. The ballet music is also granted a little breathing space, in a recording of imposing breadth and solidity (1941).
Beethoven: Sonata No. 6 in F (Opus 10, No. 2). Egon Petri, piano. Columbia LP ML 2049, $3.85.	Any and all recordings of Beethoven sonatas are welcome, especially one of this obscurity, available before only in the complete editions of Schnabel and Kempff. Petri, however, is hardly its predestined interpreter, for he is lacking in the grace or lightness to complement Beethoven's writing of this period. Sound playing, reproduced with a little percussive harshness. The Bach-Busoni "Chaconne," reviewed with enthusiasm recently, is the overside.
Beethoven: Quartet in C minor, Opus 18, No. 4. Paganini Quartet. RCA Victor album 1308, $4.75.	Of itself, this is exemplary quartet work, wonderfully neat in phraseology, telling in its dynamics, splendidly reproduced through the whole tonal gamut. It remains to be noted, however, that the Budapest version, equally good in a broader style, is available in an LP which couples Haydn's "Horseman" with it for no more than this single issue.
Flotow: "Martha," Overture. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor 12-0919, $1.25; 45 rpm 49-0418, 95¢.	Glamorous garb for so unglamorous a piece of music, but a bit of belated justice for years of mishandling by brass bands. Voluminous recording of a spacious, enthusiastic reading by Fiedler, who must now be ranked as a Flotow as well as an Auber, Hérold, and Leroy J. Anderson specialist. Very brilliant in the 45 rpm, also a little dry of tone.
Mozart: Symphony No. 40 in G minor. Eugen Jochum conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Capitol-Telefunken ECL 8015, $5.	A lethargic treatment of the first movement is the bane of this performance, which is otherwise of commendable quality, with a strongly played minuet as its special attribute. The string tone is not as wiry here as in some other Capitol-Telefunken reissues, but that leaves it short of the quality in the most recent American issue by Reiner on Columbia.
Mozart: "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" Erich Kleiber conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. EBL album 8017, $3.75.	Methodical, well-paced performance by Kleiber, but without any special attributes such as the incisive rhythm of Klemperer or the flowing grace of Beecham's "romanza" (it doesn't, however, indulge in the aberration of tempo favored by Sir Thomas in the finale). Close-up microphoning of the strings, to the advantage of detail, but also the detriment of vibrancy.
Mozart: Divertimento in D (K251). Hans von Benda directing a chamber ensemble. Deutsche Grammophon album DGS 4, $8.50.	Conscientious is the word for Von Benda, who is here dealing with a work entitled to more. It has spirit, but little high spirits. On the whole it is a better sounding product (of 1942) than the Mercury version issued here a year or so ago. Von Benda uses doubled strings (at least) against the horns and oboe specified by Mozart. Moreover, the issue lacks the work's final section.
Mozart: Variations on "Ah, vous dirai-je maman" (K.265). Lily Pons, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Andre Kostelanetz. Columbia 72754, $1.	Despite the title (and the fact that French is her native tongue) Pons begins in English—continuing thereafter in pure coloraturese. There is the usual complement of Pons's scoops and slides, also some addenda from Frank La Forge which effectively frees Mozart of responsibility for some of its duller flights of fanciness. First-class recording, uncommonly clear and beautifully balanced.
Nin: "Polo" and sixteen other songs. Bidu Sayão, soprano, with Milne Charnley, piano. Columbia LP ML 4154, $4.85.	I could cite Sayão's "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny" (complete with "corn and 'tatters") as the index to this collection, but that would be less than kind. She sings the Nin song beautifully, if with a lighter voice than is desirable; also the variable other material by Koechlin, Moret, John Duke, and Obradors. Half the total of songs indicated is to be found on the overside of the LP, in a collection of Brazilian folk songs arranged by Ernani Braga. They are all absorbing and delivered with insinuating charm by Sayão, a mistress of this manner. The recording is close to perfection, especially in "Carry Me Back," which is actually very affectingly sung.
Strauss: "Dance of the Seven Veils" ("Salome"). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Concertgebouw Orchestra. Deutsche Grammophon 68126, $2.50.	The best recording of this music known to me—which is not to say it is the best there is, for there are versions by Böhm and Clemens Krauss I have not heard. However it has much richer instrumental detail than the Rodzinski, not to mention the much older Stokowski. This disc lacks the date stamp to be found on the other DG pressings, but it is likely 1942 or 1943. It has extraordinarily perceptive percussion, fine thick string bass, and searing violin tone.
Verdi: "O Carlo ascolta" ("Don Carlos"). Heinrich Schlusnus, baritone. Deutsche Grammophon 68119, $2.50.	Schlusnus fanciers (and they are legion) will welcome this prime example of his prime abilities in their prime—which, his recent English Deccas suggest, is now behind him. Lyric elegance and emotional fervor are conveyed in sumptuous tonal fulness, both here and in a "Vespri Siciliani" excerpt, "In Braccio." German texts are used in both.
Wagner: "Euch lüften" ("Lohengrin"). Tiana Lemnitz, with orchestra conducted by Johannes Schüler. Deutsche Grammophon 35081, $2.50.	The Lemnitz of 1937, a little heavy of voice for this music—though as much might be said for Flagstad, Lehmann, and Varnay, who are her phonograph competition. Highly cultivated vocal art, and a lovely feeling for the atmosphere of this scene. There is not as much presence in the recording as today's taste favors, the orchestra being the principal victim. There is a good deal of noise in the pressing, due probably to a much-used master. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Red Hot, and White

THE open season on hot combinations continues and the hunting is great. After last month's adventures with Bob Wilber's new little band in the New Orleans manner, we come upon some superb Dixieland from Doc Evans's new Dixieland Five. This column's distinction between the New Orleans and Dixieland styles, by no means an unusual one, is simply that Dixieland is the white musicians' adaptation of the original free-style polyphony of the colored New Orleans jazz bands. The basic musical language is the same but, in general, the colored boys pronounce it with a vibrant lyricism as against a cooler, and often irresistibly subtle, polyphony on the part of the whites. So much for the pedagogy. Doc Evans was long immersed in Minneapolis and St. Paul. He has been getting around more recently, and two albums for Disc records have further extended his repute as one of the finest cornets in jazz history. He is in the clean, jetting, highly melodic tradition of the late Bix Beiderbecke; indeed, to these ears he is the best thing that has come along in that line since Beiderbecke's untimely departure. And Evans need make only the most brotherly of bows to Beiderbecke's shade. He is very much his own man.

His new output is an album called "Jazz Heritage," the first product under the arresting label Art-Floral-Record-Shop (AFRS album 1, $5). Whatever that may mean, the contents is a newly assembled Dixieland five of the first water. In addition to Evans there is his Minneapolis crony Don Thompson, playing an eminently just and snorting trombone *à la* George Brunies, and there are three Detroiters! Johnny McDonald on the clarinet, his wife Joyce, very much at home at the ragtime piano, and Doc Cernardo at the drums. This band has just about everything the Dixieland addict could ask. Its leader is a brilliant soloist. Thompson gives a stirring exegesis of the term sliphorn. And the ensemble playing has the buoyancy, the infectious and lucid interplay of parts—everything audible—that is only to be heard from the best. The piano and drums, especially the latter, have been underrecorded, but even this, perversely, may contribute by way of emphasizing the exciting musical game between the front-line instruments.

There remains a complaint from this corner. It is on the score of the tunes chosen. Now it is one of the clichés of jazz criticism—and an egregious error, to boot—that the tune does not matter except as a base for improvisations by the players. This blithely overlooks the fact that, in any musical ear, even when the theme is not being played by any single instrument, it will continue to sound as an unplayed part (which, of course, is precisely what allows the musicians to improvise upon it). In other words, the tune is there whether anyone is playing it or not, and if it is a poor tune it contributes its poorness to the general effect just as if someone *were* playing it. Our complaint with Doc Evans's tunes is not that they are poor. On the contrary, they are all jazz classics—"Georgia Cake Walk," "When the Saints Go Marching In," "High Society," "That Eccentric Rag," "Basin Street," "Ballin' the Jack," "Shim-me-sha-wabble," and "Strut Miss Lizzie." Our complaint is, rather, that they are forever being revived, and that we would like to hear a band of Evans's stamp go to work on some of the less ubiquitous classics. In an effort to be helpful, we will name another eight: "Maori," "Play that Barbershop Chord," "Hesitating Blues," "Tishomingo Blues," "Milenberg Joys," "Copenhagen," "Memphis Blues," and "Walkin' the Dog."

Doc Evans—"in the clean, jetting, highly melodic tradition of the late Bix Beiderbecke."

The colored musical population has, of course, been the ultimate source of just about everything in jazz, from folk blues to bebop. This department, in its usual catholic vein, owns to being an admirer of one Afro-American contribution which has received a good deal less recognition than many of the others, but is quite as inimitable. This is a purplish kind of dance music, so lush of instrumentation and voice that a few more accumulated drops of the juice would cause the swollen fruit to drop from the vine. It may be thought that a good deal of Duke Ellington's music fills this bill, and so it does. But we usually do not care for it in Ellington, preferring his bronze to his purple. The purple music is always precarious, but we sometimes have a taste for it when it doesn't quite squash. The latest example is a treatment of Harold Arlen's fine, long-spun tune "That Old Black Magic," which slips almost by itself into the magenta register, at the hands of the bebop master, Dizzy Gillespie. The treatment is not bebop. It consists of the ripe baritone of John Hartman against a prime-moving bongo and maracas background by the veteran arranger Jimmy Mundy. The effect is voluptuous in the extreme, if not in excess. The disc is contra-indicated for the Ladies Aid and Haydn Society.

And since so many unkind words have been said of bebop in this column, we hasten to note that the other side of the record, "Jump Did-le Ba" (RCA Victor 20-3481, 79¢), also gave us much pleasure. Great and skilfully directed energy is always impressive in itself, and in this record the musical mannerisms of bebop get such dynamic expression that we were carried along with the wind. And Gillespie, no question, is a tremendous trumpeter. His entry after the vocalizing is an event of the month.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Report on LP: How They Sound—IV

THE latest stack of LP's provides a steady demonstration of high merit and general acceptability, without either of the flaws (difficult tracking and unsettled pitch) which in the earlier experiences of the microgroove method were so disturbing. Of the newer editions only a rare LP falls below the 78 level, and the event causes surprise. If one looks backward a year the progressive mastering of the new technique appears spectacular.

FALLA-KOCHANSKI: *"Suite Populaire Espagnole";* HINDEMITH: *Sonata (1940). Isaac Stern, violin, and Alexander Zakin, piano.* (78 rpm of "Suite" in Columbia album X-314, $2.95. LP of both on Columbia ML 2050, $3.85. Duration of Suite 12m 10s; Sonata, 12m 20s.)

LP is characterized by fresher projection of Stern's many-hued instrument. This has become an improvement to be taken for granted in the later LP's, and if other features are equivalent or nearly in the two versions it should make LP the better purchase.

GOULD: *"Spirituals for Orchestra";* COPLAND: *"A Lincoln Portrait." Artur Rodzinski conducting the N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* (78 rpm in Columbia albums 832, $3.95, and X-266, $2.95, respectively. LP of both on Columbia ML 2042, $3.85. Duration of "Spirituals," 16m 12s; "Lincoln," 14m 4s.)

All of these show a pretty high level of recording skill, but there is so much more bright metal in the LP of the "Spirituals" that no one could prefer the 78. The violins, too, shimmer where they are a little clouded on the 78. In short the LP gives a truer example of how very good an orchestra the N. Y. Philharmonic is than any 78 has given.

MOZART: *Quintet in D, K.593; Quintet in C Minor, K.406. Budapest Quartet, and Milton Katims, viola.* (78 rpm in Columbia albums 708, 3.95, and 830, $3.95, respectively. LP of both on Columbia ML 4143, $4.85. Duration, K.593, 24m 10s, K.406, 20m 37s.)

This C Minor Quintet, a reworking of a "Serenade for Wind," is only fair in both 78 and LP. Happily, the greater work in D which occupies the obverse of the LP is smoother in both versions, and the choice thus goes to the microgroove whose vinylite resounds warmer and clearer than the shellac.

RAVEL: *"L'Enfant et les Sortilèges." Soloists, Choir, and Orchestra of the French National Radio.* (78 rpm in Columbia album MOP 29, $6.95, LP on Columbia ML 4153, $4.85. Duration 43m 40s.)

A work almost ideally sized for LP, but the very fine 78 is superior to the adequate microgroove in those details wherein we expect LP to excel: enunciation, timbre, clarity, and vitality.

"Philadelphia Orchestra Program." Eugene Ormandy conducting. (78 rpm on four single discs, $4; LP on Columbia ML 2043, $3.85. Duration of four works, 31m 15s.)

The LP is goulash but rich indeed when tasted. In "Invitation to the Dance" and the Overture to "Freischütz" there are magnificently fat horn outbursts equally creditable to orchestra and engineers; the essential tone of the Philadelphians is candidly presented in all four works and the deep bass is easy and unobtrusive. The Polka and Fugue from "Schwanda" offers opportunity for brilliance which is not abused. In fact this LP is not brilliant; it is warmly effective, and its components with the exception of the Overture to "Ruslan and Ludmilla" are definitely preferable to the 78's.

STRAVINSKY: *"Symphonie des Psaumes." CBS Orchestra and Chorus conducted by the Composer; and "Symphony in Three Movements." N. Y. Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra conducted by the Composer.* (78 rpm of first in Columbia album 814, $3.95; of second in Columbia album 680, $3.95. LP of both on Columbia ML 4129, $4.85. Duration of first, 21m; second, 20m 50s.)

The unification of the vocal choir in the "Psalm Symphony" is so thoroughly neat on the LP that it is not necessary to labor other points of advantage. The "Symphony in Three Movements" is excellent in both short and long-play, with the superiority of the latter type cogently illustrated in the expansion of cyclic range, with the usual benefit to plangency and strength. Here the usual is unusually compelling: here the microgroove's advantage is at the expense of a very good 78.

—C. G. BURKE.

Summary

For the convenience of readers a recapitulation of some earlier impressions is appended below. An asterisk means that the indicated superiority is considerable. "Indeterminate" means either that one version resembles the other very closely or that there is a conflict of merits or defects defying dogmatic opinion.

Preferable on LP

BARTÓK: "Conc. for Orch." (Reiner)
BEETHOVEN: Sym. 1 (Walter)
" Sym. 9 (Ormandy)*
" Trio 4 (Busch-Serkin)*
BIZET: "Carmen" excerpts (Stevens *et al*)
BRAHMS: Conc. 1 (Serkin; Reiner)
DVORAK: Sym. 4 (Walter)*
FOSTER: Songs (Eddy)
MOZART: Operatic Arias (Pinza)*
" Quintet in C (Budapest)*
SCHUBERT: Sym. 9 (Walter)*
SIBELIUS: Sym. 7 (Beecham)*
STRAVINSKY: "Fire-Bird" and "Sacre" (Stravinsky)

Preferable on 78

BEETHOVEN: Conc. 4 Casadesus)
" Conc. for Violin (Szigeti)*
" Qt. 14 (Budapest)*
" Sym. 6 (Walter)*
" Sym. 8 (Walter)*
HANDEL: "Messiah" (Sargent *et al*)
HAYDN: Sym. 88 (Ormandy)
MOZART: Sym. 39 (Szell)
RAVEL: Quartet (Budapest)
TCHAIKOVSKY: Conc. for Violin (Milstein)

Indeterminate

BEETHOVEN: Qt. 4
HAYDN: "Horseman" Qt. (Budapest)
FALLA: "Amor Brujo" (Reiner)
MAHLER: Sym. 4 (Walter)
MOZART: Conc. for 2 Pianos
" Conc. for 3 Pianos
PROKOFIEFF: "Classical" Sym.
RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: "Russian Easter"

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On Not Playing Loud Music; Or, Buxbaum's Gambit Refuted

E. L. HALPERN

EDWIN C. BUXBAUM heaped his scorn upon women listeners for preferring to play recordings at "sub-normal" volume ["On Playing Music LOUD," July RECORDINGS]. Mr. Buxbaum's notion of "normal" and "proper" volume is achieved when the control dial is turned to "the far position on the right"—in other words, full blast. His attitude is an apt illustration of a theory I have long held: that twentieth-century man can only wring the uttermost enjoyment from his gadgets when he presses them to the very limits of their capacities. A man taking a shower will turn the spray on full force and stand, like a flagellant, while the drops whip him to a bright crimson. It thrills him to run model trains at a scale one hundred and twenty miles per hour around a circle, though he risks derailment on every curve. It is the same with a phonograph. To play a recording at less than full volume is, *ipso facto*, improper regardless of the kind of music being played.

Mr. Buxbaum finds it a token of inconsistency in women that they will listen willingly enough to a solo instrument or voice with the dial turned to the extreme right, or Fascist, position, but object when the same volume is used for a symphony orchestra. Now, I am more than curious to learn what inconsistency there is in recognizing the distinction between chamber and symphonic music. It is only since the invention of the radio and phonograph that we have had thrust upon us the barbaric practise of listening to symphonic music in the home. Recording symphonies, concertos, and—God forbid—tone poems, which require Carnegie Hall for suitable atmosphere and acoustics, can never domesticate them. Our living room, for example, measures a scant thirteen by twenty feet. It is suitable only for genuine chamber music, that is, compositions performed by no larger a group of instruments or voices than might comfortably assemble and play within its walls.

One instrument, however, I regard with deep suspicion. Mr. Buxbaum has observed that the piano "treads on dangerous ground" with women listeners. That, my dear sir, is because the modern concert grand is not a chamber instrument. When Schnabel digs into the "Hammerklavier" with all ten fingers and both feet, I want to be sitting rather well back in Carnegie Hall. Women are not masochists. When a sound reaches a certain number of decibels, it becomes physically painful and no longer capable of "provoking thought" or "satisfying the soul." The "Eroica" at full volume in a small room ceases to be music one loves. It is a hellish din. Still, the menfolk persist in bringing home symphonic records just as they do moose heads, putting-practice devices, and other unsuitable objects.

The reason for men's infatuation with symphonic music is obvious. There is nothing like a good, big orchestra doing Wagner and Tchaikovsky, two composers dear to Mr. Buxbaum, for testing out the mechanical resources of a phonograph. A man wants to know how shrill a squeak from the piccolo, how deep a grunt

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from the double bass can be reproduced by that marvellous complexity of "push-pull amplifier, variable reluctance pickup, gate-circuit noise suppressor, thirty-watt output, multiple cone speaker, and reflex bass cabinet with infinite baffle." (How Mr. Buxbaum smacks his lips over the very names!) Yes, if the "Symphonie Fantastique" shows off a man's set more impressively than the "Goldberg Variations," then, from his point of view, Berlioz must be a greater composer than Bach. Of course, there is no question of *listening* to music when two or more men gather around a phonograph, except as the recording serves to illustrate some point of discussion. Every record offers endless incentives to conjecture and disagreement.

Loudly the gentlemen shout over the full blast from the machine, "Oboe's too close to the mike!"

"Why don't you use a magnetic pick-up?"

"Got any old, beat-up records? I want to hear how your scratch suppressor works!"

"What *is* this thing you've been playing?"

Finally, they all go home, and the wife, her head throbbing, says wistfully, "Dear, would you mind turning down the volume just a tiny bit?"

And the husband of her bosom snarls, "Say, what's the matter with you, anyway? Don't you like music?"

Mrs. Halpern describes herself as a musical amateur, a record collector whose interest is "the Baroque period in particular and chamber music in general."

The Record Shop

By Bruce Fawcett

GENIUS here is durable in wax.
Souls made actual wait to be heard.
Ecstasy is yours for a price, plus tax.
Between the cardboard and the useless word,
The seeds of total happiness and sorrow
Trust to electricity and desire
To unfold upon a never-over tomorrow
Perfect, perpetual blossoms of ice and fire.

Music creates a landscape of its own,
Peoples it, within a time, a place,
Wherein the reason for all things is known.
Deliciously aware of this, you race,
Lightly as if you had wings, and mount the stair
That, built of song, can lead you anywhere.

THE OTHER SIDE

(IMPORTED RECORDINGS)

LONDON.

QUITE the most important set that has reached me since I last reported is the Vaughan Williams Symphony No. 6 in E minor. The "Encyclopaedia of Recorded Music" has observed, not without justice, that "only something super-English, insular, and parochial in his personality has kept him from being a composer of great world-wide popularity." This symphony, however, should help to remove this last barrier between the world at large and a great composer of our time. Not only is the E minor Symphony Vaughan Williams's crowning achievement to date, it is unquestionably a composition of world stature. It may not achieve immediate popularity such as the music of Britten has so often succeeded in doing, but I am convinced that no sensitive musician could listen to it and not feel that he is in the presence of greatness.

There are four movements, played without a break—or, as the composer puts it in his own analytical notes, "each of the first three has its tail attached to the head of its neighbour." The first three follow the conventional pattern to some extent, but the Scherzo is succeeded, not by the usual kind of Finale, but by an Epilogue marked for its whole length "*pp senza crescendo*." This is a most extraordinary movement, and one that will baffle many people; yet even though its inner significance may escape us for the time being, we cannot but feel strangely gripped by its other-worldly desolateness. Is it a vision of a world destroyed by atomic warfare? I doubt whether even the composer could tell us. Yet the slow movement has so ominous a quality, is so sinister in its implications, that such a solution cannot be entirely ruled out. This second movement possesses perhaps the most immediate impact on the listener, though the splendid first movement, Allegro, is by no means "difficult," and the Scherzo—"fugal in texture but not in structure"—is explained away by such artless comments from the composer as ". . . the woodwind experiment as to how the fugue subject will sound upside down but the brass are angry and insist on playing it the right way up, so for a bit the two go on together and to the delight of everyone including the composer the two versions fit, so there is nothing to do now but to continue, getting more excited till the episode tune comes back very loud and twice as slow."

When we come to the mysterious Epilogue, however, even Vaughan Williams cannot help us greatly, for he admits that "it is difficult to describe this movement analytically. It is directed to be played very soft throughout. The music drifts about contrapuntally with occasional whiffs of theme. . . ." The symphony is played by the London Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Sir Adrian Boult, and HMV have recorded it admirably. The last movement, however, presents a problem and would greatly benefit from quieter surfaces than shellac can give us.

It is perhaps a pity that such a pleasant and competent, if derivative, composition as Carl Nielsen's "Sinfonia Espansiva" should appear in the shadow of the Vaughan Williams, but it provides a welcome escape for those who do not feel able to face up to the stern realities of the far greater symphony. Nielsen's genial, and often lovely score has been excellently recorded by Decca with the Radio Symphony Orchestra, Copenhagen, conducted by Erik Tuxen. Decca also provides us with a lovingly moulded performance of Schumann's Symphony No. 1 in B flat, the "Spring" Piero Coppola, an old friend to record collectors through his work with French HMV, conducts the National Symphony Orchestra.

Furtwängler and the Vienna Philharmonic give an outstanding performance of the much-recorded "Siegfried Idyll." Leaving the Toscanini-NBC version, which has never reached this country, out of it, this is the most satisfactory recording of the "Idyll" so far. A picture postcard trifle perhaps, but nevertheless worth a couple of lines, is Glinka's "Jota Aragonesa." An exciting reading by Malko and the Philharmonia Orchestra glows in the light of one of HMV's best recordings to date.

The pianist Michelangeli gives further proof that he is the nearest approach to Horowitz on this side of the Atlantic with his playing of Brahms's "Variations on a Theme by Paganini," Books I and II. Only the absence of a few variations and the fact that the remainder are not all played in

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the correct order mar an otherwise astounding HMV set.

At last we over here are permitted to listen to the Elektra excerpts, recorded by HMV with Beecham in charge. Since *SRL* readers will have had more opportunity of listening to these than I, only the bare fact need be set down. Flagstad this month demonstrates her versatility with a remarkable performance of "Dido's Lament" ("When I am laid in Earth") from Purcell's best known opera. She proves ideal for this—her lower register has the requisite alto richness, and we need not fear for the repeated high G's (to the awkward words "remember me") near the end. Coupled with it is another lament, Orfeo's "Che Faro" from Gluck's most famous work, but here an interesting rendering is somewhat marred by excessive portamenti.

We have only heard one previous record by a soprano with the colorful name Victoria de Los Angeles, and though she impressed greatly with two excerpts from Falla's "La Vida Breve," those who have heard her latest disc of songs by Granados and Fusté have been quite staggered. I for one have not heard anything to compare with it since Supervia, and she has one asset even her great compatriot did not possesses, a really beautiful voice. Of course records have been known to deceive, and we have not yet heard her in the flesh, but there can be no room for doubt that this HMV record is absolutely outstanding.

That last remnant of princely patronage, the Maharajah of Mysore's Medtner Society has given to the world the third volume of works by Nicolas Medtner. I fear that I cannot share the worthy Maharajah's enthusiasm for this music, in which academic devices galore are unhappily wedded to undistinguished thematic material, the whole being permeated by a sentimental romanticism. Much of the pianistic writing is as skilful as we would expect from a virtuoso-composer and some of the smaller pieces for piano and one or two of the songs are pleasant enough. The large-scale works, however, I find most indigestible.

The third volume contains the First Piano Concerto in C minor, Opus 33 (in one gigantic movement), two works for piano alone—"Canzona Matinata" and "Sonata Tragica," Opus 39, Nos. 4 and 5—and two songs—"The Ravens," Opus 52, No. 2 and "Serenade," Opus 28, No. 2. The composer is at the piano throughout. He is supported by the Philharmonia Orchestra under George Weldon in the Concerto, and the singer is Oda Slobodskaya. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

Memories of "South Pacific"

"SOUTH PACIFIC" came to town the other day, captured in seven discs of wax, retailed at $7.26 (less if you are LP equipped). What seems real *is* real, and the magic of genius and song has created in this best musical play of them all a reality quite outside—and more real than—the actuality some of us found in the glare of tropic sun on cannon, ships, planes, and men snared in the unreality of war. The things we knew are quite diffused now by that merciful mist of forgetfulness with which time shrouds all our pasts, which robs pain of its memory. In this year 1949 we are ready for a "South Pacific," though the Pacific we knew contained no Mary Martins, no Pinzas, no tender love.

The Pacific we knew seems now too harsh to be real, too cruel to be believed, too dull to be remembered.

"Some Enchanted Evening". . . .Our ship pulls into Noumea. We see the smoke, green-yellow as chlorine, billowing from the stacks of the smelters. We are taken into the hills and deserted by the friendly trucks in a dank, muddy valley where the casuals, those lost souls who are the transients of war, exist in a limbo of hope and frustrations. Days—weeks—even months—we wait in the mud, in the tents, under the clouds that pile up like snow banks against the mountains, in the rain that pours from them in torrents. Just when we have surrendered all hope, the orders arrive. The ship is in the harbor. We must board her and away.

"Bali Ha'i Will Call You." . . . Away to Finschhafen, another replacement depot, more mud, more rain, more sweat in a valley the wind never reaches. A week—two weeks—then away to a dot on the map called Owi, crowded between Biak and New Guinea, an islet of coral and scrub typhus and Jap planes overhead. An adjutant who wonders where we came from, who requisitioned us, what he'll do with us now we've arrived. He's pleasantly frank about it—he's never heard of us before and wishes we would go away and leave him alone. Oh, dear—where now? A day—a night—a day—a night—in another replacement depot—and finally orders. Hollandia. There we join a new outfit, all of them strangers to us, all old-timers. It's awkward for a while, but Leyte is coming up, and there's dread and excitement, last letters home, packing, boarding ship—we begin to feel like veterans ourselves.

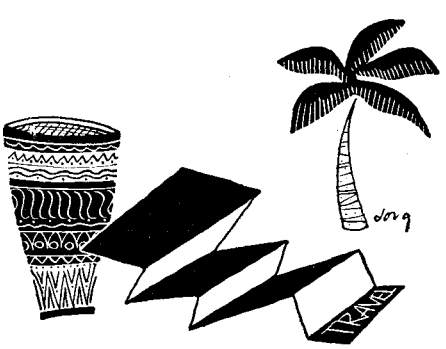
"Dites-Moi, Pourquoi". . . .Leyte—mud, rain, Jap parachutists, bombs, machine-gunnings, dehydrated potatoes, powdered eggs, spam, a wax-white moonlight to guide the bombers to us, their targets, ship cannonading off-shore, Halsey and his dubious strategy and a beachhead almost lost, Navy pilots landing on unfriendly, alien earth, Tacloban a sea of mud, caribous stiff in death, Filipinos ragged and hungry, long sleepless nights and hot restless days, a bloated corpse beside a rutted road, overturned jeeps.

"There's Nothing Like a Dame". . . . Manila—public buildings a diabolical giant has reduced to rubble, blocks of empty walls, charred remnants of a people's life—a toilet seat scorched and left inexplicably on the sidewalk, the twisted metal of a bed, a stove collapsed in heat too great for any cooking except perhaps a devil's brew. On some forgotten alley there is a brave bistro, The Top Hat, where two women light the yellow tapers that float in oil and sell gin and nipa and tuba to men who will drink anything.

"I'm In Love with a Wonderful Guy". . . .The other is a white Russian—small and chic, all alabaster skin and black hair and gray eyes. Her husband is upstairs, a Notre Dame alumnus and a hopeless diabetic. He must have his adrenalin. The Navy, the Army, the Marines, the Coast Guard—they gather at the feet of this little woman, and she favors a few of them. Her husband pretends not to notice. Then one day a big bomb is dropped, far to the north—then another—and it is over. The little white Russian kisses the boys, and sets up the drinks. The war is over . . .

We return home, and begin forgetting. And then, one fine spring day, we buy an album of records called "South Pacific." Our heads tell us that nothing ever existed like this on earth or in heaven. We search our memory, but the mist is too deep. We listen, and we decide that the music we hear is good enough for us. And it is.

—HOKE NORRIS.



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Some Highs and Lows

IN RE RE-RECORDING

A MEMBER of a record collectors' club in Washington, D. C. protests the practice of "dubbing," or copying, now being used in the reissuing of older recordings, notably the German Telefunkens from Capitol. Dubbing (the engineers call it re-recording) is a "fraud," this gentleman thinks; he feels that the originals should be reissued just as they were made. He implies, of course, that no mere copy can compare with the original, and in this he is wrong. It may be an improvement.

It is easy to understand why "dubbing" is a loaded word for this collector and many another. We all know the kind of home-style dubbing usually heard, or that done by some local recording studio, a dismal shadow of the original sound. Even the more professional copies, from radio transcriptions and the like, are usually inferior in quality to their respective originals, and in the past some commercial recordings, dubbed, have been sold and instantly branded by wary collectors as grossly inferior versions. The idea that this copying means inevitable loss of quality is natural, and accounts for a certain reticence among the record makers concerning this aspect of their work for fear of arousing needless ill will.

The fact is that almost every recording now issued in this country has actually been dubbed at some point in its manufacture, and this mainly since the end of the war. Few records now are actual physical impressions of the original grooves cut at the recording session. (In some cases there were none—recording is now increasingly done directly on magnetic tape, for later coyping.) Much music has been recorded on large, slow-speed transcriptions, to be re-recorded for the final form.

Even the sourest collector and anti-dubbist will grant good intentions here; re-recording is done, not with some hideous ulterior motive, but because it gives demonstrably better results in the over-all process. Better in numerous ways, but back of the whole development is the matter of tolerances—an industrial and scientific term for the degree of allowable variation. We have fool-proof autos because of thousandth-of-an-inch tolerances in machine manufacture. The newer art of electronics came to that sort of perfection only recently. A "perfect" copy of a record would be an exact reproduction; since the war, the tolerances in copying—in the playing, amplification, and recording equipment—have been reduced to such accuracy that (with expensive professional equipment, of course) copies can be made that are virtually perfect.

The benefits are mainly of two sorts. First is the entire development of the new slow-speed records, for until it was possible to issue the same recording in several forms with equal quality—standard speed and 45 rpm, for example—no new type of record was practical. Here was a contributing reason for the failure of the early long playing records fifteen years or so ago: the difference in sound quality between the directly pressed standard records and their copied slow-speed versions was painfully ap-

parent. The electronic art was then insufficiently advanced. The present wide reissue repertory available in long playing form is thanks to the fact that even before the war Columbia had begun copying all records from high fidelity transcriptions. Today these transcriptions have been re-recorded with better quality than was possible at the time they were made.

But issuing the same recording in various forms is merely one advantage of accurate re-recording. Perhaps more important is the opportunity to alter the original, with the same accuracy that can be applied to preserving it. The ways in which alteration can be done, for the greater pleasure of us record consumers, are legion. One technical procedure is the changing of the recorded "characteristic," the balance of high and low tones, to suit differing needs (See RECORDINGS, Feb., 1948)—for example, the LP record and the standard 78 rpm. The balance can be adjusted for each type, and the sound of older recordings may be readjusted to make them conform with current practice. Similarly, various special troubles, a recording, say, with a harsh upper register, perhaps due to some unexplained acoustical condition at the original recording session, may be toned down in re-recording, to give a nicer sound. Artificial echo (another hush-hush operation now widely performed) may be added to give resonance and brilliance to recordings that seem too dry and close in sound. (You may note that some LP reissues, benefiting from such treatment, are distinctly different in sound from the standard versions.) Because magnetic tape is so easily edited (it can be neatly clipped and patched to the millimeter with no trace of "click" to mark the joint) much recording is now copied onto tape for assorted editing, then copied back for the final disc processing. Ingenious tricks such as the removal of coughs, blops, ticks, even when the music is continuous, have been performed and no doubt the engineers would love to crow publicly if they dared!

Finally, to return to the beginning, the re-recording process is invaluable in salvaging older recordings for reissue. It is my understanding that some of the Telefunken recordings would have been unusable in the form received here after the war. True, there are many passages in the older records that may well sound better in the originals; but keep in mind that it is the whole recording we listen to, not selected excerpts. (Engineers please note.) There are bad moments in these older records, defects of various sorts, high surface noise, and, in particular, distorted and buzzy loud inner grooves, near the label. The work done in re-recording is long and painstaking; each side is given the best combination of filtering, and other processes that can be devised to suit it. Most of us will agree that the total result is a notable improvement over the original pressings, perhaps more over any pressings than could now be made from the old masters. (And don't forget that re-recording allows for adding the eccentric and lead-in grooves for modern changers.)

Yes, some of the finest European recordings are still made without copying. No doubt an ideal recording is at its best and cleanest when pressed direct. But few recordings are perfect! In most manufacturers' minds, the benefits of copying easily outweigh that outside chance for first-off perfection—and in any case the record war has made re-recording a necessity.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Durante, Jimmy: "Fugitive from Esquire." MGM 30207, 79¢.	If you can picture the dynamic Durante in a "herring-bone suit, from which, of course, the herring has been removed" you have a fair idea of what this companion to "Jimmy, the Well-Dressed Man" is all about. Over-side, Durante delivers a eulogy to his most prized possession, in the course of "It's My Nose's Birthday." Roy Bargy is in charge of the orchestra.
Forrest, Helen: "You Can Have Him." MGM 10473, 63¢.	Well controlled work by Miss Forrest on a promising tune from the score of "Miss Liberty," of which the title is little preparation for the weepy development. On the overside, "Homework," Miss Forrest seems to be more in a mood to sing "Eli Eli." Earle Hagan is responsible for the suave orchestral background.
Goodman, Benny: "Sextet Session." Columbia LP CL 6052, $2.85.	A compilation, for Long Playing purposes, of eight of the best sides made by the Goodman Sextet in its Norvo, Feld, Bryan, Sam Stewart, and Powell or Wilson period of the middle Forties. Included are "Tiger Rag," "Ain't Misbehavin'," "I Got Rhythm," "Just One of Those Things," "China Boy," "Shine," and "Rachel's Dream," all extraordinary in the bite and sharp definition of the instrumental elements. It's also a real pleasure to have them in undisturbed continuity, *without* radio commercials.
Hutton, Betty: "I Wake Up in the Morning Feeling Fine." Capitol 57-620, 79¢.	Though the extra extroverted Betty would hardly seem the one to mention such things, there is a reference to "my psychiatrist" in this lyric—if only of a negative sort. This alarming development aside, Miss Hutton bounces through this Loesser tune from "Red Hot and Blue" with typical energy. Overside, is both Loesser and lesser: "Where Are You Now That I Need You?," which seems to depress Miss Hutton as much as the listener.
Noble Ray: "Happy Holidays." Columbia set 184, $3.15.	The expert romantic bandleader clutters up some of his favorites—including "The Very Thought of You," "Buckle Down Winsocki," and "In the Still of the Night"—with sentimental chatter about holidays from the radio-talkers Cathy and Elliott Lewis. Here we have the musical equivalent of the intimate family bathos often depicted in advertising circles but rarely encountered among grown-ups. Or maybe these aren't yet. It's hard to tell.
Sablon, Jean: "Paris Wakes Up and Smiles," RCA Victor 20-3473, 79¢.	Another excerpt from Berlin's "Miss Liberty" score—as is virtually every other record this month. Here is a good piece of Berlinish fantasy about Paris, sung to perfection by Sablon, who can make anything about "Pah-ree" sound twice as good as it is. Overside Sablon undertakes "Dites-moi" from "South Pacific" in a version which has one of the silliest equivalents of a simple French lyric we have heard in several cycles of recording. Sablon is fine, but why the vocal quartet and celesta background? Anyway, it couldn't happen to a nicer tune.
Shay, Dorothy: "Another Notch on Father's Shotgun." Columbia 38508, 63¢.	As may be surmised, Father is not hunting for birds. The Park Avenue Hill-Billy-fest continues without much variation, which is regrettable, for Miss Shay has a flair. If there is a cause for this hardening of the musical arteries, it should be corrected at once. The reverse side discusses "Pappy's Predicament," which anybody with one Shay record can guess.
Stafford, Jo: "Homework." Capitol 57-665, 79¢.	Apparently Miss Stafford takes her "Homework" with a grain of salt, rather than the anguish of the soul favored by Miss Forrest a few lines above. She also embodies some couplets not heard in other versions. With it, Miss Stafford offers "Just One Way to Say I Love You," one of the inferior items of the same Berlin score.
Weston, Paul: "Songs Without Words." Capitol DCN 170, $3.50.	As as well being the conductor throughout, Weston contributes one tune to a group of six "Songs Without Words" in this album, for which Capitol is seeking lyrics. Persons submitting the best lyric for the tunes by Isham Jones, Ray Noble, Johnny Mercer, Jimmy McHugh, and Livingston and Evans (as well as Weston) will win a cash prize of $1,000, a publishing contract, etc. As Weston plays them, they all sound like potential hits.

Bulletin on LP

THE editor's wishful thinking that Mengelberg's "Heldenleben" might be issued by Capitol in LP form (page 47) has achieved reality sooner than anticipated with the announcement, as we go to press, that all Telefunken issues will be available, henceforth, in three forms: conventional 78's, unconventional 45's, and convenient LP's at 33-1/3 rpm. In his announcement, Glenn E. Wallichs, president of Capitol, stated: "We have received a great many requests from record dealers and the public to produce classics on long-playing 33-1/3 records." He further observed that Capitol has become "the first company to give the public its complete choice of the type of record it desires."

With the announcement that Capitol's discs will be available as LP's in September, following the London LP's in August, prospects are good that the record "war" will achieve an armistice before too long. It leads one to believe that the manufacturers want an accord before Christmas.

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

On Playing Music LOUD

SIR: As a woman I cannot help but resent somewhat the recent condescending article "On Playing Music LOUD" [July RECORDINGS]. In common with my women friends who know and enjoy music, I prefer to play my phonograph at a rather full volume. . . . It is true that I know women who do not like it loud, but so do I know men with similar inhibitions. Rather than being a matter of sex, doesn't it depend on how well the listener knows and enjoys music as such? Come, come Mr. Buxbaum, don't let us be coy and adolescent about such things.

LESLEY M. HEATHCOTE.

Bozeman, Mont.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reader Heathcote and others who have addressed us on this subject are advised to note page 53 on which appears the comment: "Buxbaum's Gambit Refuted." It seems, in any case, a sub-division to be considered when Dr. Kinsey compiles his next report.*

Landowska's "48"

SIR: Might I suggest that Victor be requested to grace music lovers once again with Mme. Landowska's recordings, many of which have been discontinued—such as Bach's First Partita, the "Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue," and the Six Little Preludes? Also, do you think there is the remotest possibility that Mme. Landowska might be drafted to record the complete "Well-Tempered Clavier"? . . . I think the time is ripe for a really authoritative recording of this masterpiece by the only artist who could possibly do it full justice.

WILLIAM H. HALBERSTADT.

Springfield, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As noted in our last issue—which was on the press when this letter was received—Mme. Landowska has begun the sizable task of recording the "48," and the first records should be available sometime this winter. If there are usable masters still available, we would certainly welcome the restoration of these inimitable Landowska performances. It sometimes happens that one master will wear out, or become spoiled, thus eliminating a whole set from circulation.*

SIR: Mme. Landowska's list of favorite recordings reflects a cultivated musical sense. I think it worth noting that, though an instrumentalist, her first five selections were vocal. Bach is conspicuously absent. Probably Mme. Landowska feels that he has been inadequately recorded. If so, I'm sure the situation will be at least partially remedied when she completes Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier."

THOMAS E. SULLIVAN.

New Haven, Conn.

"Der Freischütz" and "Boris"

SIR: In your review of the Deutsche Grammophon "Der Freischütz" you considered it worthy to be placed among other great recorded performances of opera. I feel that you might have added the Kipnis recording of "Boris Godunov" which RCA Victor released several years ago. It is a breathtaking piece of work, and barring the appearance of another Chaliapin, I doubt if we will hear it sung so magnificently in the near future.

ROBERT ENEQUIST.

Syracuse, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The high regard for Kipnis's "Boris" indicated above has my hearty concurrence. The notation of great recorded operas were those which came to mind immediately, neither all-inclusive or exclusive. The list could have been expanded threefold without covering all the outstanding ones.*

"Carnaval" and Cortot

SIR: Here's one more plaintive vote for the Rachmaninoff "Carnaval," in a reissue. How about a reissue of Cortot's "Etudes Symphoniques" also. The performance is preferable to both RCA Victor's and Columbia's more recent efforts if one is willing to enjoy the music without reference to politics.

JOHN ALEXANDER.

San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Of recent samplings of opinion on the question of reissues, the Rachmaninoff "Carnaval" seems to be the most-wanted item, with a demand distributed throughout the country. We are hopeful that this will penetrate to the proper persons. As for Cortot's "Etudes Symphoniques," I doubt if politics has anything to do with their non-availability. Without endorsing the practice, they have been retired in the same pattern of replacement applied to hundreds of other items in the phonograph repertory. A mechanism for stabilizing the availability of such great performances, despite recording progress, is highly desirable. Who is going to suggest the manner in which it can be done?*

The Jazz Beat

SIR: Please return Gilbert McKean's column THE JAZZ BEAT, or its equivalent, to RECORDINGS. I thoroughly enjoyed THE JAZZ BEAT, but I am getting more and more annoyed at Wilder Hobson's derogatory treatment of the recent jazz forms. His antiquarian bias deprives some of your readers, like myself, of a fair review of favorite music.

ROBERT PARSLOW.

Annapolis, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The flow of new material in the jazz category has been but a trickle recently; when enough has accumulated we will deal wtih it. As for antiquarian Hobson, he admits to a slight astigmatism, but to no impairment of the aural faculties.*

Decca on LP?

SIR: London Records are producing 33⅓ discs in the fall. Does this include English Decca releases? Rumor in Chicago is that Capitol plans to start putting its Telefunken material on LP. Is this fact or fancy?

LEON R. TOKMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For the plans of London Records—which emphatically include English Decca material—see this month's* IMPRESSIONS. *Concerning local rumors about Capitol and Telefunken, Mr. Tokman has been very well advised. The tie-up between Telefunken and the LP process is definitely fact, not fancy. Further details on page 57.*

RECORD MART

RECORD MART is designed to provide a bulletin board on which may be posted buyers' or sellers' notice of anything odd, unusual, rare, or out of print on discs or the accessories thereto. Individuals as well as dealers may submit their offerings of duplicated discs, rare labels, old acoustics, society sets, private issues, or withdrawn items, albums, needles, record brushes, or the like. Rate: 25¢ per word; 12-word minimum. Count two extra words for box and number. Full payment must be received fifteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held thirty days only. Address: RECORD MART, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
BERKELEY, CALIF.				
(*Berkeley Music House*)	Baby, It's Cold (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Don Carlos-Pinza (C)	L'Enfant (C-LP)
BIRMINGHAM				
(*Stairway to Music*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Respighi Airs (C)	Lehar album (CT)
BOSTON				
(*Chas. W. Homeyer*)	You're Breaking My Heart (M)	South Pacific (C)	Freischutz, Overture (RCA)	Salome (C)
(*Mosher Music Co.*)	Highland Fling (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Dream of Olwen (C)	Franck Chorales (L)
CHICAGO				
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Salome (C)
CINCINNATI				
(*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Don Carlos-Pinza (C)	La Forza (Cet-LP)
DALLAS				
(*The Record Shop*)	Baby, It's Cold (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Mendelssohn Wedding Mar h (C)	Salome (C-LP)
(*Whittle Music Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (C-LP)
DETROIT				
(*Campus Record Shop*)	Slaughter on 10th Avenue (MGM)	South Pacific (C)	Overture, Alceste (CT)	Schubert E flat Trio (A)
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Slaughter on 10th Ave. (MGM)	South Pacific (C)	Frühlingsstimmen (CT)	Salome (C)
KANSAS CITY				
(*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Baby, It's Cold (Cap)	King Cole #4 (Cap)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	South Pacific (C)
LOS ANGELES				
(*J. W. Robinson Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Faithfully Yours (RCA)	Façade (C)
MEMPHIS				
(*Words & Music*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Warsaw Concerto (RCA)	Salome (C-LP)
MINNEAPOLIS				
(*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Scheherazade (RCA)
NASHVILLE				
(*M U Sound System*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Bluebird (RCA)	Nutcracker Suite (RCA)
NEW ORLEANS				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Baby, It's Cold (C)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Façade (C)
(*Van Husen Music Co.*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)		Salome (C)
NEW YORK				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Freischutz-Lemnitz (DG)	Salome (C)
(*Dynamic*)	Baby, It's Cold (C)	South Pacific (C)	Louise-Steber (RCA)	Salome (C)
(*Haynes Griffin*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Carnaval Romain (CT)	Salome (C)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Freischutz-Welitsch (C)	Nutcracker Suite (RCA)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Baby, It's Cold (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Bachianas (C)	Salome (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Jealousy (RCA)	Bartok Concerto for Orchestra (C-LP)
OMAHA				
(*Lyon & Healy, Inc.*)	Again (Cap)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Scheherazade (C)
PHILADELPHIA				
(*Jacobs Brothers*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacfic (C)	Preludes, Traviata (RCA)	Salome (C)
(*The Record Shop*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Bluebird (RCA)	Beethoven Fifth (RCA)
PORTLAND, ORE.				
(*The Record Shop*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Rosenkavalier Waltzes (RCA)	Salome (C)
(*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	Some Enchanted Evening (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Erna Sack (CT)
ST. LOUIS				
(*Doubleday Book Shops*)	Riders in the Sky (RCA)	South Pacific (C)	Carnaval Romain (CT)	Beethoven Ninth (C)

Compiled as of July 14, 1949.

Key: A—Allegro C—Columbia Cap—Capitol Cet—Cetra CT—Capitol-Telefunken DG—Deutsche Grammophon L—London M—Mercury RCA—RCA Victor

Leaders: For the first time since "Records Over the Nation" was initiated almost two years ago a single recording has made a clean sweep of every store participating in the survey. Columbia's original-cast album of "South Pacific" was reported this month by twenty-nine out of twenty-nine dealers. The one apparent exception, in Kansas City, has the waxing in its "classical" category. Other prime favorites this month are Vaughn Monroe's single of "Riders in the Sky" and the Welitsch-Reiner album of "Salome."

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Who is This Gwyn Thomas Who Writes with a Hwyl*?

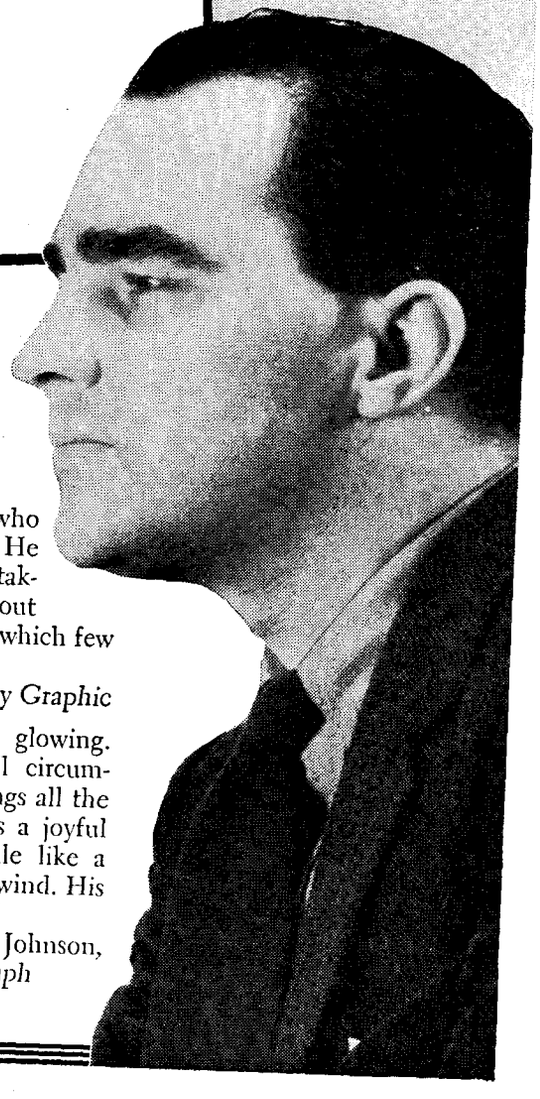
Two years ago a small book was published called THE DARK PHILOSOPHERS. The author was Gwyn Thomas, a young Welshman. Like many first novels it became lost in the welter of new books. Few critics noticed it; few readers read it. But the few who did were wildly enthusiastic and like James Hilton thought it "the freshest and most original stuff" they had come across in years.

During the last two years these ardent Gwyn Thomas admirers have formed themselves into a kind of cult, passing the good word of his writing along to others, proselyting in his cause. Now comes a new novel—LEAVES IN THE WIND—which has its full share of romance and boisterous Hogarthian humor, of tenderness and of deep feeling for the rugged Welsh countryside and its people.

Here is your chance to find out who Gwyn Thomas is. You won't regret meeting him.

The publisher's opinion that here was a book bound to have a far wider and no less enthusiastic audience, has been more than seconded by the English critics, some of whose opinions are quoted below.

*In Welsh, an accent, an intonation imparting to what might otherwise sound commonplace a feeling of intensity and fervour.



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—Angela Milne, *The Observer*

"A book of a writer who must be taken seriously. He moves in his own unmistakable atmosphere, writing out of some personal tension, which few writers do."
—Howard Spring, *Sunday Graphic*

"A lyric work, human, glowing. The Welsh, in nearly all circumstances, sing: this book sings all the way . . . Mr. Thomas has a joyful humor that sprays his tale like a fountain jet blown by the wind. His narrative gift is powerful."
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